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IMMORTALITY.

A beautiful rose, on a bright Summer-day,
Felt a worm gnawing deep at its heart;
It drooped its proud petals and faded away,
And scattered its rare leaves apart.

A beautiful life, on a beautiful day,
Went out on a beautiful death,
And a beautiful form of marble-like clay
Slept beautifully—without breath.

The south-wind that passed while the fragrant rose died
Drank an unwonted perfume that hour,
Tis it swept on its way with a sweet, conscious pride—
And the rose is an immortal flower.

The beautiful part of that beautiful life
Floated up to the beautiful sky;
And we feel in our souls, with an infinite peace,
That a beautiful thing cannot die.

VIOLET'S TRIUMPH.

A ROMANCE OF THE STAGE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

CHAPTER XXV.

GONE!

The first words greeting Doctor Midnight, as he reached the foot of the oaken staircase, were:

"Where can Berenice have gone? They say a storm is coming up, and she should be back from her walk by this time."

It was Miss Cherry Clifton who spoke, and her voice betrayed no little concern.

"Mr. Hillary is with her, is he not?" said the Doctor, walking by the side of the lady to the door that opened upon the veranda, and scanning the sky from that point. "Yes, it is very black—*very*—over there, and I was sure we should have a shower. They took a long walk, and are no doubt rapidly returning at this moment."

The premonitory symptoms of a thunderstorm now began to be apparent.

The wind had risen considerably, and the roar of the sea was louder, and the white caps were breaking into beautiful spray below there; and you could also hear, above the rest, the shrill cries of seabirds.

Dark clouds were flying fast, obscuring the moon for an instant and then freeing it again, and now suddenly, far in the distance—just where it was of such inky gloom—came the faint, very faint, growl of thunder.

In one of the tall parlor windows sat Violet Keningham, Mr. Chataigne at her side. There was no one on the terrace but Dr. Midnight and Cherry. Some of the guests had already gone to their rooms—the ladies afraid of the lightning—and the others were talking in subdued voices in the parlor.

"They must have gone to look at the ruins of Graymarsh church," said Doctor Midnight presently. "How far are they from here, Mr. Chataigne—not over half a mile, I think?"

"No, sir," answered that handsome young man. "Berenice is romantic, you know, and they say the old church looks wonderfully well by moonlight—a sort of a small Colosseum, or something—but, egad, I should fancy such a expedition rather a dreary one. Perhaps it was Hillary's notion—he seemed oddly melancholy to-day, didn't you think?"

"Yes," answered Cherry; "he *did* mope. I hate people who continually mope; and as for ruins, I wouldn't give a pin for them all. I only like things that are in complete repair."

"Well, they are safe enough, of course," said Doctor Midnight; "but, I think, in for a ducking if they don't travel very fast. What time did they leave then?"

"About twenty—or perhaps fifteen—minutes to nine," said young Chataigne, looking up.

"What's the matter, Vi.?" called out Cherry. "You are very quiet. Are you afraid of the lightning?"

As she spoke, a pale blue flash cut through the sky suddenly, with the sweep of a sabre.

"Not very much afraid of it," said Violet.

A terrible peal of thunder rattled over their heads, seemingly shaking the very earth.

"Well, I am not afraid of it either," said Cherry, her voice quivering a little, and her hand on Doctor Midnight's arm—her face toward the angry sky; "but I think I had better go inside."

And so she passed through the door.

"Miss Keningham," said Mr. Chataigne, "had you not better come from the window a little, too? See how vivid these successive flashes are! They are very near the earth, and aren't you just a little afraid that—that——"

"No; I will sit here."

The lightning had by this time become so vivid and ceaseless as might have shaken any but very stout nerves, and the crash and rattle of the thunder was terrific.

The sea and sky were lit up far and wide by those battle-fires of heaven, and the tumult of the waves as they boiled and surged can hardly be conceived.

Yet Violet Keningham continued to sit in the window, attended by young Chataigne, and Doctor Midnight, tall and weird, in the lurid atmosphere of the storm, like its minister—silent, motionless and pale.

The rain began to fall in huge, splashing drops, one by one. Then, as if the heavens were suddenly opened, the water came down in sheets. Meanwhile the flashes and the lightning and roar of the thunder increased, and the din was deafening.

"Why do you sit there, Violet?" cried Cherry, suddenly coming to the window, pallid and scared. "You will be struck—I know you will! Come away. You don't know how distressed I am. *Do* come away, Violet. Violet is the master with you? I never saw you behave like this. Are you mad?"

"No, Cherry," answered Violet, rising. "I will come away if you are distressed."

"Oh, *where* is Berenice!" exclaimed Cherry, clasping her hands. "I know she is dead somewhere. Heavens, what a storm! The world must be coming to an end."

The skies now appeared to be really pouring down streams of livid fire, and no words could describe the awful booming and rolling of the ponderous thunder.

Cherry put her fingers in her ears and commanded Mr. Chataigne to tightly close the shutters, which he did. Then Doctor Midnight himself shut the hall-door, and now stood, a pale spectre, on the veranda, alone.

About an hour passed. A break appeared in the clouds, and the moonlight came and went every minute. The rain ceased, and the thunder and the lightning lessened until they were no more. The tempest was over.

The Reverend Charles Eden appeared at the door leading upon the veranda.

"Now, Doctor," he said, "the ladies are greatly alarmed about Miss Marcastle and Mr. Hillary's prolonged absence. Had we not better make up a—ha, ha—a little expedition to go in search of them?"

"Oh, I am very sure they will return in fifteen minutes or so, *now*," answered Doctor Midnight; "for, the storm—the shower is all over. They took shelter while it lasted."

"But *where*?" asked Mr. Chataigne, who now appeared. "There is not a single farmhouse, barn or hovel—no roof of any kind—between here and Graymarsh church."

"How do you *know* they went to Graymarsh church at all?" asked the Doctor. "I only said that I thought they might have done so. It would be difficult to guess positively what direction they took."

"We must search, then, and aren't you just a little afraid that—that——"

"No; I will sit here."

The lightning had by this time become so vivid and ceaseless as might have shaken any but very stout nerves, and the crash and rattle of the thunder was terrific.

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"Well, there can be no harm in looking for them, certainly," suggested Mr. Eden, with a mild emphasis. "The servants might go one way, ourselves another, you know—and really the ladies are so much alarmed that I think it would be advisable to do so without further loss of time."

"We are not alarmed," said Mr. Chataigne; "but they assuredly are. The storm was very terrible."

"So it was," rejoined the Doctor; "but they are quite safe. It would be all nonsense to have a pack of people stumbling about the neighborhood in the wet, shouting and screaming for a pair of madcaps who are most probably only remaining away in order to give us a good fright."

The clergyman shook his head.

"Hardly that, I think."

"I am sure it cannot be anything of that sort," added young Chataigne.

"Well," said the Doctor, glancing at his watch, "it is now within twenty minutes of twelve, if they are not here by twelve, we had better see what a search will do."

"Why not undertake it at once?" asked the clergyman, who was plainly more anxious than he had at first cared to let be shown.

"Because I am sure—morally sure—they will return within that time. By Jove," he cried suddenly, "I know where they are. How thoughtless we have all been!"

"Where?"

"At the lodge with old Captain Vowell. He went to his quarters after we came from the observatory. I bade him good-night at the foot of the staircase."

Mr. Eden uttered a sigh of relief.

"Yes, that is where they are, I've no doubt," he said, smiling. "I think I shall walk over there to be certain. Will you accompany me, either of you gentlemen?"

Mr. Chataigne volunteered gladly, and so presently the two disappeared in the darkness.

Doctor Midnight walked thoughtfully up and down the terrace, his hands behind his back. He suddenly stopped, drew forth a cigar and lit it. For just two minutes he smoked, and then tossed it away with a gesture of impatience. He looked at his watch again and again, glanced sharply every now and then in the direction taken by the two persons who had just left him, and whistled softly some airs to himself, and then sighed—a deep, hollow sigh, almost like a moan. And then he heard footsteps.

"They are not there," called out the clergyman, as he and his companion loomed up out of the gloom. "This is positively a most serious matter, Doctor Midnight."

"It begins to look serious, indeed," he replied.

"We must organize a search party."

"Yes. The male servants shall be got together at once," said the Doctor. "We had better send out three different expeditions with instructions to reassemble at some common point—say the lodge—within an hour."

He left them to go into the house, and met Cherry Clifton, with fat Mrs. Spriddle, white and scared, on the stairs.

"Have they come back?" asked Cherry.

"Not yet. We are going to look for them. Pray, don't be so alarmed, Miss Cherry. There is not the least cause. See how calm I am! If anyone should be alarmed, have I not reason to be first? Berenice is perfectly safe—as safe as you are. There is no question of it."

Cherry had been crying a little, I think, or else it was the reflection of the candle-light that made her eyes so red, and it was easy to see that stout Mrs. Spriddle had wept, for she was whimpering still.

"I do so dread the lightning, sir!" she said tearfully, the candle-grease running down over her fat fingers and scalding them without her feeling it.

"Nonsense, my good Mrs. Spriddle," laughed the Doctor. "I shall tell Berenice all about this ridiculous alarm to-morrow, and how much she will be amused."

"Now, my opinion is," broke out Cherry, fiercely and suddenly, "that we will never see her alive again!"

"And how about Mr. Hillary?"

"Yes, we shall see *him*," answered Cherry. "I feel it—I do, indeed. It's a kind of presentiment."

"And what will he say?" continued the Doctor, cool, smiling, and apparently amused at the young lady's energy.

"He will bring us bad news—that she is dead."

"When will he come back, O prophetess?"

"You needn't treat all this with such levity, Doctor Midnight. You will be serious enough when you find it all true to-morrow. You will pull a long face then, sir."

"I should pull a long one now," he answered, "if I supposed there was the least cause for alarm; but I feel there is none—absolutely *none*."

"Time is passing, Doctor," called out the voice of the Reverend Charles Eden from the veranda.

"By Jove, so it is!" answered the Doctor, with a start of recollection. "Pray, Miss Cherry, and you too, Mrs. Spriddle, go to your room. We are about to have a search in the neighborhood, and in an hour we shall be back, probably with some news. Now go to your rooms. I really shall not stir a step farther until I see the gleam of your candle disappear in the gallery above."

They assented, and left him. The male servants were called together and divided into four parties, old Captain Vowell having come up from the lodge just as organization was about to begin, to take charge of one. Chataigne headed the second, Mr. Eden the third, and Doctor Midnight the fourth.

The little bands separated, each having a prescribed route, and they were to reunite within an hour at the lodge. The hour passed slowly by. Mr. Chataigne and Captain Vowell arrived almost simultaneously. Within ten minutes Mr. Eden and Doctor Midnight came back. Four blank faces. A thorough search had been made, but unsuccessfully. Lucius Hillary and Berenice Marcastle were gone! But whither? There was no possible doubt that they had gone together.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MR. DARKWOOD INVESTIGATES.

If someone had died during the night, and was lying cold and quiet in one of the rooms upstairs, Beachleigh could not have seemed more still, melancholy and sad than it did on the next morning after the fearful storm and the disappearance of Lucius Hillary and Berencie Marcastle. Everybody was up at daybreak. The news had somehow—doubtless through the searching parties—penetrated even as far as Wardlowe. Many came from that village, and now, if the missing two were on the island at all, they *must* be found.

The guests at Beachleigh came to breakfast very pale and dejected, and there was a singular hush around the table as the meal progressed. Doctor Midnight was no longer unconcerned. He ate, like the rest, for some time in silence, and then, waking from a dismal reverie, said:

"Mr. Chataigne, you spoke yesterday of Mr. Darkwood, the Wardlowe magistrate. I think I shall send for him this morning. Is he really shrewd, or one of those conceited functionaries we usually find in villages?"

"I believe he is a very shrewd fellow, sir," answered Chataigne, over his egg. "He was once a member of the New York detective force, and had a very good reputation. He made some money, and, preferring a quieter life, came to Wardlowe, where they immediately honored him with the highest local dignity, and now he is the great man of this part of the country."

"I shall send for him this morning without fail," repeated the host musingly. "By the way," and he looked up suddenly again, "did anyone notice whether Spriddle's vessel sailed last night?"

"She is no longer there, sir," answered Mr. Eden.

"Left, I presume, just after dark, and I suppose she caught it in that dreadful storm. Good Heaven, I really don't remember to have ever seen its parallel!"

At this moment a dark, short figure, with white face and lips, and scared eyes, appeared at the far doorway. It was Mrs. Spriddle, and she held a note in her hand.

"What is it, Mrs. Spriddle?" cried Doctor Midnight, half rising, and his face full of concern.

"I found this in Miss Berenice's room, sir, and it is her own blessed handwriting, sir, and haddressed to you," said Mrs. Spriddle, who was an Englishwoman.

"A note!" he cried, rising and going quickly to the door. "For God's sake, let me read! This may explain all."

With trembling fingers he broke the seal and read. A strange look passed slowly over his face, and he dropped into a chair, overcome. For a minute it seemed as if he was unable to speak, and then he handed the note to Mr. Eden, and, with a very pale face, quitted the room.

"This is—a—very painful, indeed," said the clergyman, after reading the missive. "Miss Marcastle writes: 'Oswald Midnight, I feel that a marriage between us would be something akin to sin. I have resolved upon a desperate course—the only one, however, open to me. To-night I shall leave Beachleigh in secret. None shall see me, or hear of me again. Pity me, Oswald. I cannot explain—it is best that I should not. Only pity and forget me.' Her name is signed," added the clergyman. "This, indeed, is a key to the whole mystery."

Presently they left the table in little groups; and the ladies went to the parlor, the gentlemen upon the terrace. It was another beautiful day—no traces of last night's storm—the sunlight sweet and clear, and the sea calm.

So, then, ran the general murmur, Berenice Marcastle had gone away to avoid the marriage! In hushed whispers the act was conversed—recollections came back—little things, unnoticed at the time, were now recalled as terrible evidence, pointing plainly to the consummation. And there were conjectures as to the cause leading to this flight, and the name of Lucius Hillary was coupled with that of her who had gone.

Thus were matters proceeding when Doctor Midnight suddenly reappeared. He was pallid, sombre; but there was something resigned and patient in his bearing—grief, indeed, but not any longer emotion. In fact, a sort of refined and polite sorrow, such as a philosophic gentleman would exhibit when yielding to the inevitable.

"I suppose my pride ought to be humbled now, ought it not?" he said, sitting by the window, with a sad smile. "But it is enough to know that I did not deserve this treatment."

Just then there were shambling footsteps upon the veranda. Mr. Chataigne spoke to someone. The voice in reply was old Mousewell's. He was asking for Doctor Midnight.

There was a simultaneous movement toward the terrace, Dr. Midnight leading the way.

"What is it, old Mousewell?" he called out.

"Something I found, sir," maundered the old man, with one hand in his bosom.

"Where?" asked the Doctor quickly.

"On the clump of small cedar-trees just over there, sir," and he pointed with his thumb to the right, "I was searching about there, and I picked up this."

He suddenly produced a small lace handkerchief, spotted with blood, and held it towards the Doctor, bending a lurid stare upon him at the same time.

"Whose handkerchief is it?" asked the Doctor, meeting his fierce gaze coolly enough. "Let us see," taking it.

He turned it over. In the corner was the name of Berenice Marcastle, dyed in blood now, but legible none the less.

"My God!" burst out the Doctor. "This mystery deepens. Gentlemen, there is mischief here, and we must have legal investigation immediately. I shall send for the magistrate at once."

He left the party upon this sudden impulse, and for a minute they stood staring into each other's faces silently. Then a singular broken conversation began, each one, as it were, afraid to say that inmost thought which all had—to express that dread and doubt which filled every bosom there.

And now quietly one of this little group of talkers, who were cross-questioning old Mousewell, and examining the handkerchief, stole away and re-entered the house. It was Miss Violet Keningham. She went swiftly up the oak staircase to the first gallery. She was on her way, perhaps, to her room, which was at the end, just by the tall clock, which used to stand there at this time. But as she passed the long chamber on the right, called (for some reason that I have never learned) the Bird-room, she was suddenly confronted by Doctor Midnight.

He stood there, tall, pale, and wearing his spectral smile, his hand on the knob, the other in the pocket of his loose velvet morning-coat.

"You look frightened, Miss Keningham," he said. "The great mystery is about to be cleared up. Miss Marcastle has preferred flight to this marriage with me—or have you some other interpretation to put upon the—the appearances?"

There was a silence, and then he went on, in the same odd tone, low but distinct, and still thus coolly looking down upon the young lady's beautiful face:

"I have sent for Mr. Darkwood to investigate—to find out what each one of us was doing at nine o'clock last night—where each one was. But you needn't be alarmed. Remember what I advised—be surprised at nothing. That handkerchief with the—the blood on it has an awkward look, eh? Sad for Hillary, if he doesn't turn up. Thank Heaven, *I* can account for every instant of my time, or some suspicious people might even suppose *I* had a little to do with this—this surprising extinguishment of a planet, don't you think? But you are strangely mute, Miss Keningham."

She suddenly and rapidly spoke some words to him—her face flushed and her hands trembling—in a whisper. The sarcastic smile died away in that second, and was succeeded by a hollow glare, the mouth gaping and the under-jaw fallen, like a dead man's. And she went from him, and he leaned against the door, thus dismally staring after her with those glassy eyes.

About six that afternoon came Mr. Darkwood, the Wardlowe magistrate. Curt, silent and energetic, this rather stoutish and somewhat good-looking gentleman—firm figure, denoting latent strength; hair a little gray, and not very large, but very keen eyes.

Contrary to expectation, he did not ask many questions. He examined first Mousewell, then the handkerchief, and then the spot where it had been found. Doctor Midnight, Mr. Eden and Mr. Chataigne accompanied him and old Mousewell thither.

"You see, there are no marks of a struggle," said the clergyman.

"There was rain last night," said Mr. Darkwood succinctly, thus effectually closing *that* quarter of discussion.

The party returned to the mansion, and dinner came and went, and about ten the four gentlemen assembled in the library—that is, the host, the magistrate, the clergyman and the handsome young man from Wardlowe.

"And now, Mr. Darkwood," said Doctor Midnight, after a little preliminary conversation, "I think you should relieve in a measure our curiosity. Since six o'clock you have been making your mysterious investigations, and you must have arrived at some conclusion. Did Miss Marcastle, in your opinion, go away from here of her own accord, or was she made away with? You read her note to me—handwriting undoubted; and yet we have a suspicious piece of evidence in that bloody handkerchief, pointing to something so terrible I am afraid to think of it."

But this sort of questioning was entirely too direct for Mr. Darkwood. He said point-blank that he had come to no conclusion whatever. Had he a suspicion? None. Had he any opinion about the matter at all? Yes; that it was a very mysterious case.

"Well," said the Reverend Charles Eden, his hands on his knees and with a mighty thoughtful face, "my opinion is that some foul play has been at work, and that young Hilary had a hand in it. Whatever happens—mark me, gentlemen—this at least is certain: *We shall never see more Mr. Lucius Hillary again!*"

At that moment there was a quick footstep in the corridor. Tae door opened, and Lucius Hillary entered.

CHAPTER XXVII.

SOMEBODY GOES TO BED.

All rose to their feet except Mr. Darkwood, who merely brushed off the ash of the cigar he was smoking, and his little finger.

"Hillary!" exclaimed the host.

Lucius stared, perfectly amazed.

"What on earth is the matter?" he asked.

"You have brought Miss Marcastle back with you?"

"Miss Marcastle!"

"Yes; you and she left this house last night to gether, and she has not been seen since."

A pause.

"Not been seen since?" from Lucius.

Another silence. The young man dropped into a chair.

"What do you all mean? I walked a hundred yards, or so, with Miss Marcastle last night, and left her—and—and—I suppose you are really not in earnest ——"

Then he was told all that has been related as having happened in the interval of his own absence. He said, in great surprise:

"I walked but a hundred yards with Miss Marcastle last night. She left me at the well, asking me to remain there for a few minutes. The request was singular, and I showed a natural surprise. She promised to fully explain on her return. She was going only a little way from where we stood, she added. The errand was a mysterious one. She did not know entirely herself. Well, she disappeared in the darkness. I waited patiently. Fifteen, twenty, thirty minutes passed. She did not come back. I waited ten minutes longer, and then went in search of her, but without success; and, not knowing very well what to think, I considered whether I should return to the house and report what had occurred, or go on to Wardlowe. It was late. I must walk, and I should have just barely time enough to catch the train. I took that course and reached the city at midnight."

"Why go away so clandestinely?" asked the clergyman.

Lucius blushed a little.

"Clandestinely?"

"You preferred to walk instead of ride, as you might have done, and, pardon me—but was there not something secret in this sort of departure?"

"Well," said Lucius slowly, after a pause, "I confess that I did *not* wish my absence to be noted."

"I suppose," said Mr. Darkwood, "you have no objection to giving us an account of your movements while in the city—where you went, whom you were with, and, in fact, the particulars of how you passed every moment of your time there."

The young man was silent. The others watched him keenly.

"I don't see why that should be necessary," he answered presently.

"It is the most ridiculous nonsense in the world to suppose that *I* abducted Miss Marcastle—a lady with whom I was hardly acquainted."

"A public inquiry," retorted Mr. Darkwood, somewhat sternly, "might compel you, sir, to give the account of yourself of which I speak. Of course, you need not give it to us here now. We cannot exact it."

Lucius was plainly embarrassed, and perhaps just a little annoyed.

"This is too absurd!" he said, with a sort of bravado. "I could easily account for my time while away if it were necessary; but then it does seem to me such utter folly, such idiotic rubbish, to dream for a single instant that I know anything of Miss Marcastle's flight, much less that I should have had a share in it."

"Suspicion will certainly be pointed against you, Mr. Hillary," spoke Mr. Eden. "Simply look at the facts as they stand. At nine o'clock last night you were seen to leave the terrace with the missing lady. You admit that you walked about a hundred yards with her. There she stopped, and asked you to remain until she should return, and then left you. You were absorbed in the darkness. Now, does it not seem odd, to say the least, that a young lady in her senses should act in this manner? But from that moment when you and she left the terrace, neither has been seen until your own return this evening. We have nobody's word for what passed in the interval except yours. This is plain language, of course, Mr. Hillary; but a legal inquiry would use language much plainer. You distinctly refuse to say where you were while in the city, what you were doing, or whom you were with. Confess that the case has a dark aspect."

"In the circumstances have a strange look, of course," answered Lucius. "That is true enough; but I will be frank, and clear them up with a word. Doctor Midnight knows exactly where I was last night, and my reasons for not being willing, except under compulsion, to say what place it was."

And now there was much surprise.

"You are not bound in your statement, Hillary," said Doctor Midnight, with a smile. "I do *not* know where you were, although I remember very well where you said you were going. I suppose I can conjecture your reasons for not being explicit as to particulars, if you carried out that intention expressed to me."

"Then," said Lucius suddenly, "I am perfectly willing to make a private statement this moment to Doctor Midnight, giving him all the details of my visit to the city. This I will do as an immediate justification, for I perceive there is some suspicion in Mr. Eden's mind. Doctor Midnight will, after my recital, state whether he deems it entirely satisfactory, as well as my reasons for withholding it, except, as I have just said, under compulsion, from the general knowledge."

All assented to this, and Lucius and the master of Beachleigh retired for a little while from the room. After the lapse of five minutes or so, both returned.

"Mr. Hillary's statement is perfectly satisfactory," the Doctor then said. "He will be able to show plainly, if ever legally called upon, that his visit to the city, though private, and, in some degree, clandestine, had nothing whatever to do with Miss Marcastle's simultaneous disappearance. Gentlemen, this case is puzzling, indeed."

They sat in council for some time longer, and then the conclave broke up. It was arranged that Mr. Darkwood should take entire charge of the investigation henceforth. Everything should be placed in his hands. He should come and go at will, and no questions asked. In a week's time he promised some results.

And now all these gentlemen separated for the night. Doctor Midnight accompanied the magistrate to his room and bade him good-night at the door, and then returned, candle in hand, to his own.

He sat down by the desk thoughtfully, having apparently in forgetfulness left the door of his room standing halfway open behind him. Taking up a pen and a torn envelope that lay before him, he began to draw curious geometrical figures, thinking busily the while, and evidently not attentive to either the circles or the squares, with their myriad variations, that he sketched there.

Of what was he thinking? Nothing amusing, I dare say; for his face was full of care, and sometimes he paused in his scribbling, and held his hand to his forehead in perplexity, and perhaps even pain.

Suddenly in one corner of the envelope he wrote these words, slowly and carefully:

"There is but one course. An experiment must be tried that, if successful, will relieve me from *two* menacing perils at the same instant. Try it."

And when he had written this he read it, read it again, and then tore the paper into fragments, and built them in a little pile on the desk. Next he leaned back, thoughtfully nibbling the pen, and just then there was a shambling footstep in the corridor. Looking round, he beheld old Mousewell, candle in hand, on his way to bed in the observatory.

"Holloa, old Mousewell!" called out the Doctor, and beckoning with the pen.

The old man nodded and silently went on, perhaps a little faster; and the Doctor rose and strode to the door.

"Come in, old Mousewell," he said.

"It is very late, sir," said the other, almost shrinking back.

"Humph! you have changed your views, it seems, about the proper hours to pay nocturnal visits. Once you did your honor to sit here till daylight, do you remember? What's the matter with you? You stare at me as if I were a spectre. What do you mean by it?" cried the Doctor rather fiercely. "I suppose I don't look any more terrible than usual, do I?"

"No, sir."

"Then come in," said the Doctor, with a laugh, and more gently. "I couldn't make out what the devil you were gaping at. Don't you want a drink of brandy, old Mousewell? It will clear your addled old head a bit—a very necessary process, too, by Jove! for I suspect your astrological foolery has muddled your brains entirely."

Old Mousewell was curiously nervous, and as he stepped unwillingly into the room he kept his eyes on the Doctor's face, and acted in such an odd fashion altogether that that gentleman became more puzzled than before.

"What is the matter with you, Mousewell?" he exclaimed, pausing in pouring some brandy from a bottle on the mantelpiece into a glass there. "You are a bit cracked to-night, by Heaven! Don't stare at me in that way, man. Here, drink this—it will do you good."

Old Mousewell trembligly took the glass, and drank off the strong liquor with intense eagerness. This recovered him a little.

"And now, Mousewell," said the Doctor, eyeing him attentively, "they say you have lost the key of the observatory where you sleep. How's that?"

"Who told you, sir?"

"Mrs. Spriddle told me. I suppose we shall have you walking in your night-garments to Wardlowe again, eh?"

"I hope not, sir. It is a sad infirmity."

"So it is; but a little amusing, though, as well. Some night you will get into mischief in one of the somnambulic fits, do you know that?"

"I trust not, sir."

"Eh! We are monosyllabic to-night, aren't we? How is it you have nothing new to tell me about the people in the other planets? Nothing new going on there, I conjecture. Any lunatic asylums in the moon, old Mousewell?"

"I don't know, sir, indeed."

"Pah! You are stupid. Here, have some more of the brandy, and it may make you sleep the heavier."

"I thank you, sir; but no more."

"Nonsense. Take this—down with it," and he pressed a second dose of the potent spirit on the sage. "It is an excellent article, that, let me tell you."

Mousewell drank it.

"And now go to bed, old Mousewell," continued the Doctor. "Go to bed as soon as you get to your room, do you see? And perhaps you will sleep uninterruptedly till morning. I suppose you did not walk last night?"

The old man stared.

"Can't you speak? What has come over you? Upon my soul, I believe you are mad."

"I did not walk, sir."

"And don't walk to-night. Go to your room, and go straight to bed."

"Good-night, sir."

Old Mousewell went slowly out of the room. Doctor Midnight stood looking after him thoughtfully.

TO BE CONTINUED.

OUR ENGRAVING.

THEATRES AND HALLS OF AMERICA.

No. 15.—The Fifth-Avenue Theatre, New York City.

The Fifth-avenue Theatre, under the management of Augustin Daly, is located on the northerly side of Twenty-eighth street, about one hundred feet west of Broadway. The edifice was formerly known as Apollo Hall, and there were held, during the Winter season, many of the most popular balls given in the city. There was a lower hall, which at various times had been rented for amusement purposes, but it was never very successful. The San Francisco Minstrels, who occupied it last, possibly did the best business of all of its tenants. The heirs of Peter B. Gilsey caused the entire interior of these two halls to be torn out, and constructed the beautiful theatre now known as the Fifth-avenue. It was first opened to the public on Wednesday evening, Dec. 3, 1873. An opening address, written by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes of Boston, Mass., was recited by Miss Fanny Morant and Frank Hardenberg, after which an original comedy in five acts, entitled "Fortune," written by James Alberry of London, Eng., was acted for the first time on any stage.

"UNCLE SCHNEIDER" AT THE CIRCUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Ah, ha! here we am!
Here's der tent-house—
der rag-theatre vhere der
circus he plooms. First
ve got von of dhem cards
from der qvick feller in
der waggon (dhey'm *all*
Lightning Dicket-sellers
now!), und dhen hafe it
tookened avay from you
by der Lightning Dicket-
tooker at der entrance,
und here ve am inside.
Big ring in der middle, mit
dirt floor und sawdust
carpet. Blenty bair shtairs
all round, mit goot many
beobles already yet sottin
dhere werry gontentful,
eatin raw abbles und shew-
in avay at der Eureka
Brize-candy Package vat
der young taffy-butchers
he sells. Also blenty more
beobles, mit all his shil-
dren und dheir mudder,
a-schrambin up to pick
out der bestest und soft-
est seat. After leetle vhile
comes in der moosic-band.
Dhey look radder sa'iful
und alleegy, und don't
abear like dhey vas avful
anxious to saw der show.
After a leetle moosic-noise
vas come der peginning
of der exciting bizness.
Ah, ha! here dhey come!
Couple two dozen ladies
und jentlemen, a-ridin
lady und jentlemen horses,
come a-gallopin in mit
blenty goot shtyles. Dis
vas der "Grand Ontree."
Dhey am all dressed in
dheir best Gristmas
clothes, und am efidently
all Dooks or Dutchies, or
Counts or "Soops," or
someding dot vay. Dhey
gallop dhere und here, und
packwards und crookedt,
und after hafing a real nice
good ride around der ring
mitout bunkin in to each
oder, dhey shoot off out of
earsight in a plaze of big
drum und cymbals—und
der audience he draws
vonce more his preath reck-
kular, und der baber of
brize candy am consulted
again mit renewed wigor.

Now comes in der dignified "Master of der Ring" vat am so not fraid of dwo-shtoried vordts, und he announces mit blenty heafiness dot "Mister Pilly Lilly, der werry gratest packpare rider lifing or dead," vill now chump out. Mit a big chord on der trompone, "der gratest packpare rider lifing or dead" is shkipping out on his unsaddled horses entirely."

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"I hope not, sir. It is a sad infirmity."

"So it is; but a little amusing, though, as well. Some night you will get into mischief in one of the somnambulic fits, do you know that?"

"I trust not, sir."

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LINES

Respectfully Dedicated to Miss Clara Morris.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY ADAH M. HOWARD.

There are blessings on thy path, lady,
And many a whispered prayer
Breathed for thee at Friendship's shrine
Nightly, e'en though thou art not there.

Hope's sun now on thy pathway shines—
Oh! may its brightly glittering beams
Be emblems true of future years
Fair as thy girlhood's sunny dreams.

May he to whom thy genius heart
Love's allegiance yet will yield,
Be worthy of the priceless gift,
And thy sweet life from sorrow shield.

Better than fickle Fortune's smiles
Is the love of heart that's true and fond—
To cherish thee through this brief life,
And guide thy soul to life beyond.

Beauty and youth and fame are thine,
But ah! what fleeting blessings they!
Time's cruel, unrelenting hand
Will steal them one by one away.

Sweet one! when life's last act is play'd,
O may bless angels' arms enfold,
And place within thy hand's soft clasp
A harp of brightly shining gold!

And when those lustrous eyes grow dim
Under the fringed lids of snow,
And to the distant shadowy land
Thy faltering footsteps go,

May angels snowy-pinioned come,
From their glory-homes afar,
And bear thy ransom'd spirit up,
Where the pure alone, the sinless, are.

A COUNTRY THEATRE IN THE TYROLEAN MOUNTAINS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
PARTLY AFTER THE GERMAN.

The time of the day is afternoon. The chimes of the churches have just announced the termination of the Sunday-afternoon services, when three volleys of musketry are heard, and before long a large crowd of gayly-dressed peasants, of all ages and both sexes, are seen wending their way toward the village. Being anxious to know what all this means, we walk along with this crowd of people, and in a short space of time have become acquainted with the cause of this extraordinary turnout. Upon the pillar of the monstrous village-fountain, which never tires of throwing its silvery waters into the pool below, a self-written placard is pasted. With monstrous letters and an orthography worthy of Sam Weller's valentine, it informs us that "Adolph von Rosenstein, or the Fratricide at Midnight," a grand romantic spectacular drama in five acts, etc., etc., would be produced. Not far from the "Wirthshaus" of the village, the crowd of people stop before a

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1874.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ Letters seeking information required to only through the Post-office; no answers by mail.

T. F.—1. Canterbury, Bowery, was on Chrystie street, was destroyed by fire March 24, 1866. The new Canterbury, 585 Broadway, was opened the latter part of April in that year. 2. Sam Cowell, who was of Cowell & Leonard, the comedians, was born in Sheffield, Eng., April 8, 1836, and came to America when only two years of age. He made his first appearance in this country at Dan Rice's Circus, April 21, 1859, acting his famous character of Cousin Sal in "The Turnpike Gate." Some years after this he returned to England, where he was considerable reputation as a comic vocalist. He returned to America in 1870. In the autumn of that year he and Leonard opened as a variety team at the Bowery Theatre, 585 Broadway, on Nov. 28, 1870. He had the assistance of S. B. Mills, pianist; James Hicks, ventriloquist and doctor; Mrs. Westervelt of the Philharmonic concerts; Miss Maria Henry of the London Concerts; Mr. George Crozier of the Crystal Palace Concerts, London, Eng.; and Dr. Guilmette, baritone. Concerts were given on Monday, Wednesday and Friday of each week. On the off-nights he appeared at the Palace Garden Music Hall. He did not meet with success, and left the Bowery Theatre closed during the week ending Dec. 17. He reopened for the holidays, and closed Jan. 2. He tried another season in New York in April, 1871, at the time of the opening of the new Canterbury, above referred to, at the Pavilion, located at 659 Broadway, but it collapsed May 11. He commenced a four weeks' engagement at the Melodeon May 13, 1871, which was his last engagement in New York, and his last appearance was on June 8. He then made a tour of the smaller towns and of Canada, and during the week ending Aug. 11, 1861, he sailed from Quebec for England in the steamship Great Eastern. He died at Stamford, Eng., March 11, 1864.

CARD-PLAYERS, Austin.—The justification for that decision is the following from the "American Hoyle," as to which, it will be remembered, we explained that it was a special clause applicable to draw-poker only: "Of Cutting and Dealing.—If a card be accidentally exposed by the dealer, it should be treated the same as a card faced in the pack when the players are being helped—that is, put at the bottom. It should not be optional with the player to accept or refuse it, according as it suits his hand, nor should he be forced to accept it. This is sound common-sense, we take it, and we can only regret that it be not always been the printed rule."

CLEARWATER, Detroit.—The decision forwarded is unquestionably correct. There can be no warrant for any other, unless, as is often the case, the two statements differ. A word inserted or omitted may do inculculable mischief; and the gentleman to whom, first of all, we submit questions of that class is as positive that the original statement did not contain the word "Provided they are both rowed; otherwise, to be a drawn bet," as we are that, when the question, with the answer, was returned for our supervision, the word was not there. Such words are a feature of the Monitor, you have done us an act of kindness in reopening the matter. If others, instead of reproaching arbiters, would but confer with the parties interested, for decisions that may, whether newspapers or individuals, be disputed, would be oftener right, and less likely to be doubted; or in oversight or carelessness, would follow your example, injustice could never be done to bettors, the latter class would be spared their objurgations, and even the arbiters themselves might be thankful.

CONSTANT READER.—The question was quite indefinite. At first we wrote five different valuations, including the average gold twenty-franc piece, the new twenty-mark piece, the silver, etc.; but finally, for brevity's sake, we gave merely the U. S. Custom-house valuation, which "Critiendem's Business Manual" (Philadelphia, 1874) puts at 18.6, while in the Mint valuation. Since you have kindly placed it in our power, it may be as well to state here, for the information both of "Pacificus" and of the publishers of "Critiendem's Manual," that a U. S. Treasury Circular, dated Jan. 1, 1874, makes the American Mint valuation of the franc—*for the current year only*—19.3. An Act of March, 1873, requires the Director of the Mint to annually issue a new table of valuations every year, which fact all compilers of arithmetics and business guides should make a note of.

J. D. B., New Bedford.—Of course he can win. Had he held the ace, king, queen, seven and eight of trumps, and you the two bowers, nine and ten, and an odd card, he would have had just as "strong a hand" for three tricks as you would have questioned his right to win on them. But as he held the two bowers and the ace, you object. Do you not see that if you bar out those three cards, then king, queen and ten become a "sure thing," and must also be set upon, nor must the seven, eight and nine, until finally the entire pack becomes worthless? The claim that you did not see your cards, which you knew he had when his, is without force. It only shows that you were willing to wager on general principles against the other party's eyesight.

R. W. Z., Indianapolis.—E, when he bet F that A would make more points than B, meant more points—not the same number. If asked to say candidly what he meant, he will probably be his answer. It has long been settled both ways. THE CLIPPER decides, except as to turf matters, which are governed by a special law, that the man in his representative hath not the right to renege, languish the contract. If F had said that he bet that B would make more points than A, then a tie would have made a draw of it, as in that case each would have made the number that his representative should accomplish more than the representative of the other party to the bet.

NOVICE, Dayton.—The rules of the National Association confer such large discretionary power upon judges, that we shall not, on the statement submitted, undertake to question their ruling. In deciding the pool-bets off, they were doubtless influenced by the "fouling code, which empowers them to do so in several emergencies. In this race there seems to have been a chance of conditions, which brings it clearly within the purview of Rule 3. But we shall add that if they were not unanimously in favor of announcement that the conditions of the race had been changed, then the action of the judges in declaring bets off was purely arbitrary.

C. K. W., Baltimore.—"G bets a table measures eighteen inches in length. W bets it does not. It measures 23½ inches. Who wins?"—1. Anything that measures 23½ inches measures 18. Had it measured less than 18, W would have won. It is possible that W meant that the length was not precisely 18 inches, or that it would something more than suit his hand, but always incumbent, when a bettor means more than an ordinary betting phrase will convey, to fully explain that meaning, where upon, perhaps, there will be no bet. Otherwise, he is stated to be "on the catch."

T. S. H., Secretary Wayne County Agricultural Society.—1. A having in the third and final heat distanced all the other horses, is entitled to both first and second money. 2. The society never having adopted any rules, the assumption is that its races are subject to the established laws of the turf. 3. The fact of A's horse having been wrong, in not ruling out distanced horses, is no reason that it shall never attempt to be right. The entire argument can be crammed into a nutshell, however. The organization, having an independent one, can do just about as it pleases on its own track.

GARDEN CITY.—You state first, apparently plain truth, gives a different aspect to the question. First, the challenge naming a local nine, of course no picked nine could be accepted. Second, we do not regard the game as for the elimination of the difference you state; certainly not if it rained on the day appointed. Third, a game constitutes a match. Best two-out-of-three is "a series of match games." Under the circumstances, we have no doubt you think each club stands credited with one game, and the third is yet to be played.

W. J. S., Albany.—Referred to the fastest railroad traveling in this country, there are no data sufficiently acceptable for the determination of bets, save in a few instances, where a given distance enters into the calculation. All we can do is to refer the case to the records of the Belleville and Indianapolis Railroad, who will perhaps answer whether a train, drawn by "the locomotive City of Galileo," ever ran from Belleville to Indianapolis, 55 miles, in one hour," in 1864 or any other year.

S. T. C., Yonkers.—1, 2, 3. His first appearance with a legitimate company made at Kelly & Leon's Minstrels, as a wonderful boy singer, under the name of Master Antoine. He had previously played with small companies, therefore we cannot give you the exact date nor place of his first appearance on the stage. 4. Brown's Hotel Monkeys is by a little more than a length. 5. A "length" means the length of the boat. 6. It has been abandoned. 7. We believe it is not on sale.

H. S., Newburg.—1. A naturalized citizen is eligible to any office within the gift of the people of the State of New York. 2. Sir Edmund Walker Head, Captain Creighton commanded the British ship Three Bells, which rescued the greater number. The vessels that aided in the rescue were the Anarctic and the Kirby, both American. 3. There is no authenticated record of a train having run that distance in that time.

S. M., Philadelphia.—The party loses the bet. The pigeon, had it been under the control of man, it was bound to produce it on time. Had someone else bet in his stead, the wager would have been drawn, as between non-performers. The gentleman who owned the pigeon must be regarded as a performer, as the occasion of the bet depended upon which the bet was predicated is assumed to be wholly under his control.

C. O. N., Cincinnati.—Our impression is that Senator David Broderick was born in this city, and that his father was born in Ireland. But this will not decide your bet, which you had better refer to Mr. Hall or Mr. Broderick. We think it probably the only persons now living who were ever familiar with the early history of the deceased Senator. Yet we do not think that either can tell you what county in Ireland his father was born in.

T. W. D., Detroit.—Eating wine jelly, or any kind of food with wine as a sauce, is not drinking spirituous liquor within the meaning of the Assembly Statutes. It could not object to A's chewing flint or quartz, from either of which alcohol of the color of wine can be extracted; nor to his eating bread, about forty-two ounces of which are in the average bottle equivalent to that of a bottle of port. A can enjoy his jelly without having to pay $50 for the luxury.

HONIKO, Baltimore.—It is the same with dominoes as with cards—such other games as manufacturers deem it resort to all sorts of devices to sell them. Aside from that, there is nothing in a set that contains from double-blank to double-nine, and it is the rule, and as it is accredited by many players, we have never considered ourselves justified in setting it aside in cases of individual disputes. A card exposed by the dealer, whether accidally or not, should be treated the same as a card faced in the pack when the players are being helped—that is, put at the bottom. It should not be optional with the player to accept or refuse it, according as it suits his hand, nor should he be forced to accept it. This is sound common-sense, we take it, and we can only regret that it be not always been the printed rule.

FAIR SHOT, Brooklyn.—You can push the cue-ball the whole length of the table, if the fancy seizes you, and the shot will be fair. But the fair is by no means of billiards. But pushing a cue-ball and an object-ball is another matter. In the latter case it is an advantage to push; in the former, it can be of no possible benefit, and is a waste of time.

A. U. W., Washington.—Yes; there was an order forbidding all travelers, save immigrants arriving via sea, from entering the United States without a passport. It was issued by Secretary Seward on July 17, 1864. In March of 1865 the Canadas were exempted from its operations.

WESTFIELD, Mass.—1. Peace between the Allies and Russia was proclaimed on April 19, 1856. May 4 of that year was observed in England as a day of thanksgiving, which order the following occurred the illuminations, celebration, etc., in London. 2. The Irish rifle team have not won the Elcho Shield this year.

C. H. A., Vinton.—Goldsmith Maid is by Edsall's Hambletonian, dam called Alexander's Abdallah out of a buckskin mare by Old Abdallah, the grandsire of Edsall's Hambletonian, and hence derives the imported Messenger blood from both sides of the house. She was bred by John B. Decker of Sussex County, N. J., having been foaled in May, 1857.

JERRY CLIP, Baltimore.—1. You don't require either. 2. No. 3. Not one such in an opening. Secure an engagement to play anything you may be cast for, no matter whether you speak lines or not, and watch attentively what goes on around you. That is the best school you can have.

H. A. A., Nebraska City.—"At auction pitch, A has 3 to go, and B and C one apiece. C gives A three, and makes high, and low and game, and B must be content to be 'skinned.'"—Of high wins. It was not material whether jack was made on the first or the last trick. It counts in its proper order only, which is after high.

GARROT, Cleveland.—1. The player whose privilege it is to cut the cards can also shuffle them, in any game; but it is the dealer's right to shuffle them again, or last. We cannot state where the rule is to be found. If that word doesn't say so, it ought to. 2. It is optional with you to take up either the jack or the ten.

O. F., Portland.—The purpose prepared French chalk is the least injurious. Genuine being a cumulative possession, the quantity has to be increased to produce the desired effect. It is taken internally, and, once commenced, can only be stopped by degrees. 2. Will answer your other questions shortly.

H. J. U.—1. James Renforth was seized with his last illness during the four-hundred match race between the crews stroked by himself and the Paris crew, on the Kennebecasis River, near St. John, N. B. 2. He died at the Claremont House, Aug. 23, 1871, a little over an hour after being removed from the boat.

C. DENNY, Boston.—In the international single-scull race at Halifax, N. S., Sept. 1, 1871, Joseph Sadler came in first, George Brown, second, six seconds later; time, 20min. 3sec. Harry Kelley was fifteen behind Brown, and five lengths before Robt. Bagnall. The distance pulled was three nautical miles, straightaway.

CORNELIUS HEARN, Richmond.—We have no record, and the gentleman declines to give the information.

DIGGES, Philadelphia.—A loses. If he meant anything else than that the Bostons would beat the Atlantics, he should have said so. Had he meant to provide for a tie, he would have said "beat or tie," and then a tie would have made him winner.

W. MCC., Pinepoint.—"The four-in cannot be counted. B bets that if he knocks down the one, two and three pins, in succession, regardless of position, in an Irish sketch, the name of which we will give in a subsequent issue.

ANXIOUS, Boston.—Potain is the comedy part in "Article 47." Never having seen the other play, we cannot inform you.

F. AND H., Brooklyn.—The members of the American and Irish teams shot without artificial rests in the International Match, and generally in playing upon the Association Ground in your district concerning the charter.

C. W. B.—At euchre, a player who cannot follow suit, may either trump or throw away. If he has no trump, he had no choice, was boarded. He could not pick it up and play a trump.

SHOREALDER.—At whist, a player can demand a sight of eight cards more or less than are lying on the board, and not yet gathered in, and the four constituting the last trick turned down. Your friend is right, and wins the bet.

P. C. A.—So long as the rowers are in the boats which are different colors, they cannot interfere with you. The masks have nothing to do with it. The mere copyrighting of the words "Bal Masque" has nothing to do with it.

JOHN.—Yes; the election in the State of New York is held on the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November. 2. It is not a legal holiday anywhere, so far as we know, except for bar-rooms and bucket-shops.

H. H., Bay City.—It makes no difference whether Brock is or is not nominated for sheriff. If Brock does not run for sheriff, even though people vote for him under the impression that he is a candidate, the bet is a draw.

ANXIOUS.—A convict who has not served out the full term of his sentence can vote subject to a restriction as to county and district residence, which varies in different localities.

L. B. E., Chicago.—As we intend to make reference to the subject of ringeditting, as well as to other kindred topics in certain baseball organizations, we have concluded to omit your communication.

DECLINED.—"How Sad, Poor Heart." "Nellie, Love, I'm Thine." "She'll Always Find a Lover," "Give the Nig a Chance," "Repentance," "Do Days Ven I Vos New."

E. B. V., Newark.—In the order named, from $50 to $100 per week; $25 to $40 per week; $20 to $50 per week; and $10 to $20 per week, traveling expenses in all cases being paid by the manager.

J. J. H., Duluth.—1. Of course, if the four parties throw five aces each, it is a tie; but Duluth must be a flourishing place for poker dice, since nothing but sixes will turn up there. 2. Five aces beat five sixes.

DISPUTANDUS, Bloomington.—A, knowing the age of Goldsmith Maid, wins the bet. It is pretty certain that, if he had not known the age, he would have lost. It makes no difference where he got his information.

A. H. W.—It is on its return trip from California. The person you name are with the company. If you address them, in care of this office, your letter will reach them in the shortest space of time.

A. R., Cazenovia.—1. To the chief billposter. 2. It is a matter of opinion. Had the ball been batted to the fence, but it would be unwise in most cases. 4. 2 to 0, by Atlantic and Mutual, May 30, 1874.

H. A. MCD., Portland.—Explanation satisfactory. You misunderstood what we meant by the business of the week. We meant for you to give the names of all pieces performed and the date when each was acted.

W. A., Janesville, Wis.—"A bowler rolls the same ball with a "w." 2. Chamberlin wins, because the party named never started in this city in tragedy or anything else before that time.

C. E., Washington.—The list of 2:30 or better horses will not be compiled until close of season. You can make your own calculation upon the basis that up to the close of last season 134 trotters had gone in 2:27 or better.

NIXON.—The second throw would be void if any of the dice, in falling, came in contact with those left standing on the board. The thrower should count only those still standing that were left from the first throw.

HAGAN.—Harrigan and Hart first appeared at the Theatre Comique, 514 Broadway, in an Irish sketch, the name of which we will give in a subsequent issue.

ANXIOUS, Boston.—Potain is the comedy part in "Article 47." Never having seen the other play, we cannot inform you.

F. AND H., Brooklyn.—The members of the American and Irish teams shot without artificial rests in the International Match, and generally in playing upon the Association Ground in your district concerning the charter.

C. W. B.—At euchre, a player who cannot follow suit, may either trump or throw away. If he has no trump, he had no choice, was boarded. He could not pick it up and play a trump.

SHOREALDER.—At whist, a player can demand a sight of eight cards more or less than are lying on the board, and not yet gathered in, and the four constituting the last trick turned down. Your friend is right, and wins the bet.

P. C. A.—So long as the rowers are in the boats which are different colors, they cannot interfere with you. The masks have nothing to do with it. The mere copyrighting of the words "Bal Masque" has nothing to do with it.

JOHN.—Yes; the election in the State of New York is held on the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November. 2. It is not a legal holiday anywhere, so far as we know, except for bar-rooms and bucket-shops.

H. H., Bay City.—It makes no difference whether Brock is or is not nominated for sheriff. If Brock does not run for sheriff, even though people vote for him under the impression that he is a candidate, the bet is a draw.

ANXIOUS.—A convict who has not served out the full term of his sentence can vote subject to a restriction as to county and district residence, which varies in different localities.

L. B. E., Chicago.—As we intend to make reference to the subject of ringeditting, as well as to other kindred topics in certain baseball organizations, we have concluded to omit your communication.

DECLINED.—"How Sad, Poor Heart." "Nellie, Love, I'm Thine." "She'll Always Find a Lover," "Give the Nig a Chance," "Repentance," "Do Days Ven I Vos New."

E. B. V., Newark.—In the order named, from $50 to $100 per week; $25 to $40 per week; $20 to $50 per week; and $10 to $20 per week, traveling expenses in all cases being paid by the manager.

J. J. H., Duluth.—1. Of course, if the four parties throw five aces each, it is a tie; but Duluth must be a flourishing place for poker dice, since nothing but sixes will turn up there. 2. Five aces beat five sixes.

DISPUTANDUS, Bloomington.—A, knowing the age of Goldsmith Maid, wins the bet. It is pretty certain that, if he had not known the age, he would have lost. It makes no difference where he got his information.

A. H. W.—It is on its return trip from California. The persons

ford's c. f. Lawa, by Australian out of Lavender. All of these had been repeatedly winners, Bonaventure having won the Ladies' Stakes here in the Spring, and two stakes at New Orleans; Vandalite had won the Sequel Stakes at Saratoga; Madge the Three year-old Sweepstakes at Buffalo; and Lava a similar stake at Prospect Park. Bonaventure and Lava a similar stake at Prospect Park. Bonaventure and Lava was made the favorite but both Madge and Vandalite were mostly backed, pools selling as under:

Bonaventure	$300	$600	$700	$500
Lava	280	560	600	360
Madge	200	550	500	450
Vandalite	225	450	450	300
The Field	120	205	190	100

Vandalite was first off when the flag fell, with Madge and Lava last. Bonaventure following in the order named, and Lava last. Bonaventure following in the order named, and Lava last. Bonaventure retained this position throughout. Before the quarter-pole was reached, Bonaventure had passed and was leading Vandalite two lengths; Madge, ridden by Barbee, being six lengths behind the latter, and all of them running under a pull. They ran thus throughout the first mile, Bonaventure passing under the string a length before Vandalite, with Madge two lengths behind, and Lava ten lengths off. The pace now became improved, and Bonaventure led Vandalite two lengths on the next half mile, with the same distance between the latter and Madge, with the same distance between the latter and Madge, with the same as far behind. On the lower turn both Madge and Vandalite closed on Bonaventure, and the three were close together as they entered the homestretch. Here Madge was given her head, and she immediately responded by going to the front, retaining her lead home without the slightest trouble, and winning the race easily by two lengths in 3:10, which is 5¾ seconds faster than it was ever before run in. A fine finish for second money between Vandalite and Bonaventure ended in favor of the latter by a short head. Lava five lengths behind them. The winner was foaled bred by Mr. Alexander in Kentucky, and is by imported Australian out of Alabama, the dam of Bay Dick, Red Dick, Dickens and Stockwood. She was bought by Col. McDaniel when a yearling for $825, and has proved a cheap purchase, having won five races this season out of eight. She is engaged in the Dixie Stakes at Baltimore, the richest stakes of the year.

THE MATURITY STAKES

—three miles, for four-year-olds, $200 each, half forfeit, with $1,200 added, the second to receive $300 out of the stakes—had four runners out of the 28 entered, so that it was worth $4,200. The starters were M. A. Littell's b. c. Wildidle, by Australian out of Idlewild, who made his first appearance since he won the Nursery Stakes over this course in 1872; Gov. Bowie's b. c. Catesby, by Eclipse, dam Katie; J. Coffee's g. c. B. F. Carver, by Lightning, dam La Victime; and Babcock & Ransom's b. c. Ransom, by Asteroid out of Banner. There was heavy pool-besting on this race at the following rates:

Wildidle	$300	$315	$750	$290
Catesby	2.0	375	810	300
B. F. Carver	110	260	430	235
Ransom	85	175	300	100

Wildidle made the running from the fall of the flag, with Ransom a couple of lengths off; Catesby as far behind Ransom, and Carver last. They ran thus for two miles, all the horses being under a strong pull. Entering the third mile, the struggle commenced. Wildidle still forced the running with a lead of two lengths, and Hennessy on Catesby challenged and passed Ransom, taking second place. Hennessy waited on Wildidle until entering the homestretch, when he went up and challenged him, racing with him for a hundred yards, and then quitted him, gaining home an easy winner by three lengths in the last time, for this track, of 5:36. Wildidle was second, twenty lengths before B. F. Carver, who beat Ransom for third place in the last few strides.

THE TWO-YEAR-OLD RACE,

for a purse of $500—a dash of five furlongs—had nine entries and eight runners, viz, Springfield's Kellner, Sanford's Firework, Bowie's Holbrook, Morris' Weimister Rose mare colt, Chamberlin's Scramble, Belmont's Aristides, and McDaniel's Australian-Betsy Ward colt. McGrath's colt, who had won a fast race at Saratoga, was made a hot favorite, pools selling as under:

Aristides	$250	$450	$600	$300
Warminster, c	55	160	135	50
Babylon	80	135	105	60
Betty Ward, c	85	175	120	60
Firework	120	140	205	60
Field				

Aristides jumped off in front when the flag fell, closely attended by Babylon, Holbrook and the Betty Ward colt next, and Scramble last. Babylon took the lead for a short distance when Aristides again assumed it, and, retaining it throughout, won by half a length; Peakes bringing up Firework with such a rush on the outside from the foot of the stand, that the backers of the favorite were very anxious until the numbers went up proclaiming McGrath's colt the winner. Babylon was beaten only half a length for second; Betty Ward was third, and Warminster and Betty Ward colts were close up. Time, 1:04¾.

MILE AND A HALF DASH

—for all ages, for a purse of $600, with penalties and allowances—had nine entries, all of which started. They were Sanford's Kadi, with 106lb; Bowie's Picolo, 90lb; Lewis & Beasley's Bessie Lee, 106lb; Belmont & Lorillard's Resolute, 103lb; McCormack's Spindrift, 113lb; Hunt Reynolds' Whisper, 103lb; McGrath's Jury, 106lb; Puryear's Grinstead, 97lb; and McDaniel's Harry Bassett, with 118lb. The pools sold as follows:

Spindrift	$65	$650	$1,000	$350
Harry Bassett	65	400	500	200
Resolute	100	450	850	175
Whisper	100	220	460	165
Grinstead	95	280	320	130
The Field	220	250	200	200

Harry Bassett and Spindrift raced for the lead for three-quarters of a mile, when Resolute, in going around the clubhouse bluff, shot past them both, and looked very much like a winner on the lower turn, where he led two lengths, but, suddenly quitting, he fell back beaten. Barbee, who was riding Bassett, had a stirring-leather broken at this instance of the race, and he also fell behind; Spindrift, already beaten, keeping him company. Turning up the stretch, Grinstead came with a fine burst of speed, passed Bessie Lee and Kadi, and won cleverly by two lengths in 2:40¾; Kadi finishing second, half a length before Bessie Lee. Picolo was fourth, Resolute fifth and Bassett sixth.

THE STEEPLECHASE

for a purse of $850—of which $200 to the second horse—had seven runners, viz., Torrence's Trouble (a recent importation from Canada), carrying 150lb; Tilly's Yeanvine, 148lb; Jackson's Buckshot, 140lb; Cattanach's Impecunious, 140lb, Lewis & Co.'s Chief Engineer, 140lb; Green's Daylight, 135lb; and Lawrence & Lorillard's Lady Bruce, 125lb. The following are some of the last pools sold:

Trouble	$300	$600	$700
Yeanvine	65	200	115
Daylight	50	100	55
Impecunious	30	140	85
Lady Bruce	25	80	75
Buckshot	30	125	70
Chief Engineer	25	60	55

The race lay between the favorite, Daylight and Yeanvine, from the start to finish, Trouble, Impecunious and Buckshot bolted, and Chief Engineer could not go the pace. A fine contest ended in Trouble winning easily by two lengths, Daylight second and Yeanvine third. Time, 5:38½.

THIRD DAY—MONDAY, OCT. 12.

There was a very large attendance at Jerome Park on Monday, Oct. 12, to witness the third day's racing, postponed from the previous Saturday on account of the weather. The day was fine, but the track was heavy from recent rains.

THE FIRST RACE

was a dash of one mile and a half, for a purse of $500; the winner to be sold by auction. It entered to be sold for $1,500, to carry weight for age; if for $1,000, allowed 4lb; if for $750, 7lb; if for $500, 10lb. Six horses started, viz., Daniel's Galway, $750, 101lb; Cameron's chestnut horse, 4yrs., by Leamington out of Rebecca, $500, 96lb; Sanford's Kadi, $500, 99lb; Lawrence & Lorillard's Resolute, $700, 96lb; Bethune's Rosebud, 4 yrs., $500, 93lb; and Donohue's Scratch, 3yrs, $500, 83lb. Pools sold as under:

Resolute	$290			$300
Kadi	300			360
Galway	200			210
Cameron's colt	200			310
Rosebud	80			70
Scratch	90			75

Scratch and Resolute were off first, with Cameron's colt next, Galway fourth, and Kadi in waiting. Resolute and Cameron's colt alternately made the running for a mile and a quarter, when Kadi and Galway went to the front, and a fine contest between the pair resulted in Kadi winning by a length in 2:48¾; Galway beating Cameron's colt three lengths. The winner was sold by auction for $1,160; Mr. Richard Shea of Boston being the purchaser.

THE GRAND NATIONAL HANDICAP

of $100 each, h. f., and $20 if declared, with $1,000 added; two miles and a quarter, had six runners: Sanford's Mate, 104lb; Lorillard's Skylock, 105lb; McDaniel's Abdel Koree, 105lb; Lewis & Co.'s Bessie Lee, 105lb; Burton's Jack Frost, 104lb; and Donohue's Lizzie Lucas, 102lb. Pools sold as under:

Mate	$600	$1,050	$1,500
Jack Frost	205	250	360
Koree	110	180	200
Lizzie Lucas	95	340	450
Skylock	95	180	210
Bessie Lee	100	110	100

Bessie Lee with Jack Frost and Shylock, made the running for a mile and three-quarters, when Jack Frost fell back beaten, and Mate passed his horses on the homestretch, to win by a length; Bessie Lee third, Jack Frost fourth, and Lizzie Lucas last. Time, 4:13¾. Value of the stakes, $2,140.

THE ANNUAL SWEEPSTAKES,

for 3-year-olds, $250 each, $100 forfeit, with $1,000 added; the second horse to save his stake, two miles and an eighth, had four runners: Vandalite, Panter, Bannerette and Rutherford. Cottrill's pair, Planter and Bannerette, sold for $1,130; Vandalite, $1,100; and Rutherford, $560. Vandalite made the running throughout, and won cleverly by a length from Rutherford, the other two beaten off. Time, 4:00¾. Value of the stakes, $2,301.

THE CHAMPAGNE STAKES,

for two-year-olds, $100 each, h. f., with $500 added, the second to receive $200 out of the stakes, three-quarters of a mile, had nine runners out of the twenty-two entered. These were Springfield's Ravenna by Rivoli; P. Lorillard's James A., by Leamington; Lawrence & Lorillard's Blue Mantle, by Leamington; McDaniel's colt, by Australian out of Betty Ward; Wilder's filly, by Gladiateur; Norris Baymeister, by Baymeister; Reynolds' Amelia, by Australian; Sanford's Firework, by Lexington; and Hunter's Australind, by Australian. Firework sold for $310; James A., $396; Australind, $650; Amelia, $70; field, $210. Firework got off best, Australind and James A. leading on the head of the stretch, when Hyder Ali came with a rush halfway up, and won easily by two lengths; James A. second, and Firework third. Time, 1:21½.

THE MILE-HEAT RACE,

for a purse of $700, had six runners—Preakness, Survivor, Schafer, Schuyler, Springfield and Dorsey—and Preakness was the favorite at two to one over the field. He won the first heat in 1:47½; Schuyler the second heat in 1:48¾, and Preakness the third and last heat in 1:33¼. Survivor was left at the post in the second heat.

HORSE POISONING.—During the past week a dastardly attempt to poison several valuable trotting horses was made at the stables at Prospect Park Course, L. I., some scoundrel having poured croton oil down the ventilators of the stables into the mangers of the horses. Dan Mace's well-known horse Arthur took a quantity into his food, and is dangerously ill. Isaac Woodruff's b. g. Falmouth Boy also took some in his feed, and is also prostrated. Mr. Conely's promising trotter Thomas L. Young received the oil in his face, and is badly blistered, while the g. g. Tanner Boy received some of the oil in one eye, and down his face to his knees, causing severe blisters, and the probable loss of sight of the left eye. The Prospect Park Course Association have offered a reward of $500 for the discovery of the perpetrator of this villainy.

GOLDSMITH MAID AT CHICAGO.—The trotting flyers are now on their Fall tour. Judge Fullerton and Gloster have struck up a partnership in the division of gate-money, and Goldsmith Maid, being left out in the cold, is going it alone on her own hook. At Dexter Park, Chicago, on Wednesday, Oct. 7, the above three horses gave an exhibition of trotting speed; Goldsmith Maid trotting against time for a special purse, being accompanied by a running horse, but which was not hitched to her sulky, and allowed three heats. She trotted the first heat in 2:19 and the second in 2:17, which was half a second faster than her previous record on this track. Gloster and Judge Fullerton then trotted for a division of the gate-money, which Gloster won in three straight heats; time, 2:22, 2:23¼, 2:22½.

TEN MILES AGAINST TIME.—A match in which W. Scotland of Brighton wagered $5,000 against $1,000 that the sorrel gelding Ingomar (formerly known as Lazy Jim), would beat the best ten-mile trotting time on record, was decided at Beacon Park, Boston, Mass., Oct. 8. The horse failed to accomplish the task, his total time being 29min. 19¾sec. against John Stewart's 28:02¾, on the same track. The following table shows the time in which each mile was made:

First	2:54	Sixth	2:50¾
Second	2:49¾	Seventh	2:54
Third	2:51	Eighth	2:53¾
Fourth	2:47¾	Ninth	3:05
Fifth	2:52	Tenth	3:22

THE RING.

EDDY HEXLEY AND YOUNG KELLY have been matched to knock each other about scientifically, for sugar; and if the authorities will let them have their way, the affair will transpire ere long not many miles from Gotham. Ringites are on the qui vive in regard to the matter, as these lads are capable of making a slashing fight, and the prospects are favorable for such a meeting.

PROF. J. F. TAYLOR, the well-known sparrer and teacher of boxing, was arrested at Washington, D. C., a few days ago, charged with committing an unprovoked assault upon Alfred Supple, bartender at the Chesapeake saloon, and a man much smaller than Taylor. The accused gave bail for his appearance to answer the charge on the 13th inst.

TOM OXFORD AND TOM MILES are to take a joint benefit at Washington Hall, Philadelphia, on Tuesday evening, Oct. 20, when some of the best boxers in Quakerdom will put up their forks.

WILLIAM CLOUGH (n the 12th inst. pleaded guilty to felonious assault in having shot Dooney Harris, and was sentenced to State Prison for a term of five years.

WE HAVE LETTERS for Billy Edwards, Johnny Murphy, Sam Collyer, Geo. Ogden (3), and Patrick Hogan.

BASEBALL.

ATLANTIC vs. ATHLETIC.

BY TELEGRAPH TO THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 12, 1874.

About five hundred persons witnessed the game this afternoon between the Athletics and Atlantics, the weather being clear and cool. The failure of Murnan to touch second base and make a double-play, followed by errors of Sutton, McGeary and Battin, allowed the Atlantics to make their first three runs on one base-hit, and a miss by Gedney gave them their other run. The Athletics earned both of their runs by the good batting of Gedney, Battin, Reach and Murnan, the three last named making two base-hits. The Atlantics won by their superior fielding, Dehlman and Pearce excelling. The score was as follows:

ATHLETIC.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	ATLANTIC.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
McMullin, c	0	1	7	0	0	Chapman, r. f.	0	1	1	0	0
McGeary, c. f.	0	0	3	1	1	Ferguson, 2d b.	0	0	0	3	0
Anson, 1st b.	0	0	10	1	1	Pearce, s. s.	0	1	1	6	0
McBride, p.	0	0	0	2	0	Bond, p.	0	1	0	4	0
Sutton, 3d b.	0	1	1	5	2	Fleet, c.	0	2	1	2	2
Gedney, l. f.	1	1	1	0	1	Sweasy, 2d b.	0	0	2	3	0
Battin, s. s.	1	0	1	1	1	Dehlman, 1st b.	2	1	17	0	0
Reach, r. f.	1	1	3	3	0	McGee, l. f.	1	1	2	1	1
Murnan, 3d b.	0	1	1	1	1	Clack, c. f.	1	0	2	0	0
Totals	2	6	27	14	6	Totals	5	6	27	18	3

Atlantic	0	3	0	0	0	0	1	0	1	—4
Athletic	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	—1—2

Runs earned—Athletic, 2. Bases on errors—Athletic, 2; Atlantic, 7. Umpire, Wm. McLean. Time, 1h. 30m.

BOSTON vs. MUTUAL.

Their Last Championship Match.

The largest and decidedly the most respectable gathering of spectators seen on the Union Grounds, Brooklyn, N. Y., since last July were present on Friday, Oct. 9, on the occasion of the last game of the championship series between the Mutual and Boston Clubs, nearly 5,000 persons being present. The Bostons were out in their full strength, as they thought, but many were of the opinion that Leonard should have been at third base and George Hall or Beals in the left field, inasmuch as third base was the damagingly weak spot in this important game.

THE GAME.

Play was called at 3.35 P. M., at which time the Bostons went to the bat, Mr. Clapp of the Athletics acting as umpire. George Wright opened with a short ball to Burdock, who threw him out prettily. Barnes then hit a high one to Hatfield, who let the ball slip through his hands, and thereby Barnes had a life and two bases given him. Before he could get farther, Spalding gave Burdock a chance for a foul-fly and retired, after which White hit a high ball, which was well taken by Hatfield, a blank thereby being drawn. On the Mutual side, Higham opened play with an apparently safe hit, but Leonard got under the ball in splendid style, and Dick had to retire. Allison was next, and, failing to hit the ball after three trials, he joined Higham; and, as Start put up a high one for Leonard, the Mutuals took the field again without scoring. In the second inning McVey led off with a high-foul to Burdock and took a rest, as did Leonard, he instantly attending to the latter's foul-fly and as Harry Wright gave Nelson a chance to throw him out, a second blank was drawn. On the other side Carey led off with an easy fly to McVey; Hatfield following with a chance to Schafer to throw him out, but the ball was not handled in time, and Hatfield had a life given him. Nelson was the next striker, and on White's failure to catch him out on strikes, and his rather high ball to George Wright, a life was given to each, and after these errors a high ball from Remsen's bat over Harry Wright's head sent home two men, and two unearned runs were scored. Matthews also helped matters a little by hitting a foul ball to Schafer, who again muffed it; Remsen, however, being held on third by the error. Higham then ended the inning with a short ball to Schafer, who threw him out, the Mutuals closing the second inning with a lead of 2 to 0. This result seemed to satisfy the Boston backers that the game was theirs, and they began to invest at odds accordingly. O'Rourke began work for the Bostons in the third inning with a safe grounder past Burdock, and, getting to second on a passed ball, reached his third on Schafer's ball to Nelson, the latter throwing Schafer out, but a base was gained by the way of offset. George Wright now came to the rescue with a safe grounder past Carey, on which O'Rourke came in. On Barnes' hit to Burdock, George reached his second, but he could get no farther, as, after Burdock had thrown out Barnes, Carey was afforded an opportunity to dispose of Spalding similarly, and the Bostons had to rest content with the one run scored on two base-hits and a passed ball. On the Mutual side in this inning, Start opened with a two-baser to right field, after Allison had been easily thrown out by Spalding. Before Joe could get farther than second, however, Leonard caught Carey out prettily, and White took a ball from Hatfield's bat on a sharp fly-tip, John trying to tip it fair-foul. This left the score at 2 to 1, with the Mutuals in the van. In the fourth inning White hit an easy one to Nelson, who threw him out, and McVey hit a high ball for Remsen, and, as Leonard fouled out, another duck-egg was laid. On the Mutual side, White attended to a high foul from Nelson's bat in good style; and after Burdock had earned his base and taken his second by a bad throw of Spalding's to O'Rourke, White made a splendid catch at a foul-bound clear to the fence, and afterwards captured a high foul neatly, thereby putting the side out. This left the score still the same, viz.: 2 to 1. In the fifth inning Harry Wright led off with a high tip into Higham's hands, and O'Rourke sent an easy grounder to Carey, who threw him out. Schafer then tipped a ball to Higham, who dropped it, and as Schafer's ball to Carey was fumbled, he had another life given him. George Wright then hit to Burdock, and as he failed to field it in time, Start making a splendid stop, George had a life, and on an underpitch all the bases were occupied. Before a run could be scored, however, Carey threw out Barnes and ended the inning. On the Mutual side Higham had a life given him by a failure of O'Rourke's to hold the rather high ball sent him by Schafer. On Allison's hit to Barnes, however, Higham was forced out at second, Allison reaching first safely. Start now came to the rescue with a two-baser, on which Allison reached third, and getting off his base, George Wright threw low to Schafer, who badly failed to stop the ball, and two runs in were the result of the double error. The score now stood at 4 to 1 in favor of the Mutuals, and it began to look a sure victory for the New Yorkers, especially as third base on the Boston side was getting to be a rather weak spot. The sixth inning was now commenced, and Spalding opened with a safe hit to left field, and, as White followed suit with a good safe grounder, things began to look better for the "Reds." McVey, after having a life given him by Start on a foul-fly, hit high to Remsen, who nearly dropped the ball. Leonard hit to Carey, and before the latter could handle the ball three bases were occupied. It was now Harry Wright's turn to strike, and a glorious opportunity offered him for a telling hit, as the bases were all full, and only one man was out. Harry could not respond to the call, however, and, hitting to Nelson, only got one run in; and as O'Rourke hit a poor ball to Burdock, the inning ended with the one run scored by Spalding. On the Mutual side in this inning Burdock opened with a high ball, which Spalding attended to, and then Remsen gave Barnes a chance to throw him out, and as Matthews popped up a high one for George Wright, the inning closed with a blank, the totals standing at the end figures of 4 to 1. In the seventh inning Schafer gave Burdock a chance to throw him out on a fair-foul, after which George Wright hit a safe grounder, and Barnes came to the rescue with a two-base hit, on which George attempted to run home, but the ball was thrown in well by Remsen to Burdock, and by him passed in time to Higham to capture George at home-base. Spalding then hit safe and sent in Barnes, his run being the first run earned in the game off the pitching, fielding errors having given every other run. On the Mutual side, Leonard, Barnes, and Spalding fielded their three outs in succession, leaving the totals at 4 to 3 in favor of the New Yorkers. In the last two innings neither side added to their score, though the Bostons made base-hits, the Mutuals retiring in succession, the final result being the success of the Mutuals by the score of 4 to 3.

BOSTON.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	MUTUAL.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
G. Wright, s. s.	0	0	3	3	1	Higham, c.	0	0	2	0	5
Barnes, 2d b.	1	1	1	3	0	Allison, r. f.	1	0	1	0	0
Spalding, p.	1	2	1	5	0	Start, 1st b.	0	2	15	0	0
White, c.	0	2	5	0	2	Carey, s. s.	0	0	3	2	2
McVey, r. f.	0	0	1	0	0	Hatfield, l. f.	1	1	3	0	1
Leonard, 1st b.	0	0	9	0	0	Nelson, 2d b.	0	0	1	3	1
H. Wright, c. f.	0	1	1	0	0	Burdock, 3d b.	0	1	3	5	0
O'Rourke, 1st b	1	1	8	0	1	Remsen, c. f.	0	1	3	1	0
Schafer, 3d b.	0	0	0	1	4	Matthews, p.	0	0	0	1	1
Totals	3	9	27	6	10	Totals	4	5	27	15	11

Boston	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	2	0	—3
Mutual	0	0	2	0	0	2	0	0	0	—4

Runs earned—Boston, 1. First base by errors—Boston, 4; Mutual, 4. Total wides pitched—Spalding, 7; Matthews, 25. Umpire—Mr. Clapp of the Atlantic Club. Time, 1h. 45m.

Of the play in the match on the Boston side Leonard's splendid outfield work was quite a feature, White's efficient catching and Barnes' second-base play also being noteworthy. O'Rourke played his position, too, with credit. George Wright made one good catch and two good pickups. It was a bad day for Schafer, he proving to be the weak spot on this occasion, Spalding decidedly bore off the palm in pitching, not a run being earned off his delivery, while but five base hits were made. On the other hand, the Bostons made ten good hits and earned one run off Matthews. Hatfield, with one exception, played his position very finely, as did Burdock, despite the fact that he was a newly-married man and played the game during his honeymoon. Start also fielded in his best style, and batted with telling effect, he leading in this respect, as did George Wright on the other side. The game should have been 1 to 0 in favor of the "Reds," but poor infielding changed it to 4 to 3 against them. The umpire discharged his duties impartially and with good judgment, watching the game closely.

CHICAGO vs. PHILADELPHIA.

Two games were contested by these clubs at Chicago, Ill., last week, the home-nine losing that played on the 7th inst, but getting square on the 10th. Neither game was marked by brilliant play. Scores are published below:

PHILADELPHIA.	1B.	PO.	A.	CHICAGO.	1B.	PO.	A.
Eggler, c. f.	2	3	0	Cuthbert, l. f.	1	5	1
Holdsworth, s. s.	1	2	4	Force, 3d b.	2	3	2
Hicks, c.	3	5	2	Malone, c.	1	4	1
Craver, 2d b.	4	4	6	Meyerle, 2d b.	1	6	2
Bechtel, r. f.	1	2	0	Hines, c. f.	1	4	0
York, l. f.	1	3	0	Glenn, 1st b.	1	6	0
Mack, 1st b.	3	10	0	Devlin, r. f.	2	0	1
Fulmer, 3d b.	1	2	1	Peters, s. s.	2	0	1
Cummings, p.	1	1	0	Zetlein, p.	2	1	0
Totals	17	30	7	Totals	13	30	9

Philadelphia	1	0	2	2	0	0	2	2	4	—13
Chicago	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	6	0	—9

Runs earned—Philadelphia, 1; Chicago, 3. Passed balls—Hicks, 4. Bases on wides—Chicago, 1; Philadelphia, 1. Double plays—Craver, 2. Umpire, J. Simmons, Chicago Club.

CHICAGO.	R.	1B.	PHILADELPHIA.	R.	1B.
Cuthbert, l. f.	4	2	Eggler, c. f.	1	2
Force, 3d b.	2		Holdsworth, s. s.	3	
Malone, c.	1		Hicks, c.	3	2
Meyerle, 2d b.	1		Craver, 2d b.	1	3
Hines, c. f.	1		Bechtel, r. f.	1	2
Glenn, 1st b.	1		York, l. f.	1	3
Devlin, r. f.	1		Mack, 1st b.	1	0
Peters, s. s.	2		Fulmer, 3d b.	1	1
Zettlein, p.	1		Cummings, p.	1	1
Totals	15	16	Totals	13	17

Chicago	4	0	5	0	1	1	0	3	1	—15
Philadelphia	4	2	4	1	2	0	1	0	3	—13

Runs earned—Chicago, 7; Philadelphia, 6. Fielding errors—Chicago, 7; Philadelphia, 12. Umpire—Joseph Simmons. Time, 2h. 5m.

AMITY vs. NASSAU.—The match between these amateur nines of Brooklyn, N. Y., attracted a large crowd at Prospect Park Oct. 10, and after the first inning's play the contest proved to be interesting. The result was as follows:

Amity	8	0	0	1	0	2	0	2	0	—13
Nassau	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	0	—3

Umpire, Mr. Smith of Nassau. Scorer, Mr. Charles Powers.

PROFESSIONAL MATCHES THIS WEEK.—The Bostons play in Baltimore Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday and in Philadelphia Thursday and Friday. On Tuesday the Hartfords play the Mutuals in Brooklyn, and the Athletics on Wednesday and Thursday.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP RECORD.

The championship season is rapidly drawing to a close, but two weeks more remaining to finish up nearly eighty games still to be played before the whole 280 matches can be completed. The only quotas of five games each yet remaining to be played are those between the Baltimores and the Athletics, and the Baltimores and Atlantics. The Chicagos have finished their full scores of ten games each with the Bostons, Mutuals and Philadelphias, by all three of which they have been badly whipped, especially by the Mutuals. Up to Oct. 12 the contestants in the race stood as follows: Mutuals, Boston, Athletic, Chicago, Philadelphia, Atlantic, Hartford, and Baltimore. Appended is the full record to date:

	Athletic.	Atlantic.	Baltimore.	Boston.	Chicago.	Hartford.	Mutual.	Philadelphia.	Games played.	Games won.
Athletic	..	5	2	3	3	4	1	2	20	20
Atlantic	1	..	2	3	3	4	1	2	16	16
Baltimore	3	3	..	2	3	4	1	2	20	9
Boston	2	2	3	..	3	4	1	2	20	4
Chicago	2	2	2	2	..	4	1	2	20	0
Hartford	1	1	1	1	1	..	1	1	20	14
Mutual	4	4	4	4	4	4	..	4	20	20
Philadelphia	3	3	3	3	3	4	1	..	20	5
Games lost	16	24	21	22	24	32	7	16	176	109

The following table shows how many games the contesting clubs have to play, and with what clubs the games are to be played:

	Athletic.	Atlantic.	Baltimore.	Boston.	Chicago.	Hartford.	Mutual.	Philadelphia.	Games to play.
Athletic	..	4	6	3	3	4	1	2	23
Atlantic	4	..	6	2	2	3	5	3	25
Baltimore	6	6	..	3	2	0	5	1	23
Boston	7	7	7	..	2	0	5	1	29
Chicago	8	3	5	3	..	0	7	0	29
Hartford	4	4	4	5	5	..	2	3	26
Mutual	7	2	5	0	0	2	..	5	11
Philadelphia	2	2	5	5	5	1	5	..	24
Totals	9	10	27	12	Totals		9	10	27	12
Springfield	0	0	3	4	0	0	0	2	0—9	
Hartford	1	0	0	1	2	0	0	0	0—9	

Umpire, H. De Wolf of Hartford. Time, 2h. 15m.

CONCORD vs. CHELSEA.

A closely contested game marked the return match between these Brooklyn, N. Y., clubs, played at the Capitoline Grounds Oct. 10:

CONCORD.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	CHELSEA.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Koehler, s. s.	2	0	0	4	2	Cassidy, l. f.	4	1	1	0	0
Rose, 3d b.	1	4	2	1	2	Roche, c.	2	4	6	2	6
Clark, c.	2	1	7	1	1	Corrigan, 2d b.	3	3	2	3	1
Decker, c.	1	3	9	3	8	Dodge, 1st b.	3	3	12	0	1
Pike, c. f.	0	1	2	2	0	Rule, p.	2	2	1	5	0
Devine, 1st b.	0	1	9	0	2	Hibben, 3d b.	1	2	1	1	2
Wilson, p.	1	0	0	0	1	Maynard, r. f.	1	1	2	0	2
Mack, l. f.	1	2	1	0	2	Gill, s. s.	0	1	0	2	3
Sanford, 2d b.	0	0	4	4	3	Petersbon, c. f.	1	1	0	1	2
Totals	9	13	27	14	20	Totals	17	19	27	12	17

Concord	2	0	2	3	0	1	1	0	0	—9
Chelsea	0	1	0	2	2	0	0	1	9	—17

Runs earned—Concord, 1; Chelsea, 7. First base by errors—Concord, 8; Chelsea, 9. Umpire, Mr. Cannavello. Time, 2h. 50m.

The Picked Ten of New York will play the Chelsea Baseball Club of Brooklyn on the Capitoline Gronnds Thursday, Oct. 15, for a prize, $50.

MYSTIC vs. SUNNYSIDE.

The Mystics of Brooklyn visited Sing Sing, N. Y., Oct. 8, and had a pleasant match with the Sunnysides, with the appended result:

SUNNYSIDE.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	MYSTIC.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
McNiel, 1st b.	6	4	6	2		Galpine, p.	7	3	2		
Acker, s. s.	3	2	3	1		Ball, s. s.	2	2	2		
Reynolds, r. f.	3	2	2	0		Gassert, 2d b.	3	1	3		
Luther, c. f.	2	1	1	0		Schenck, c.	4	2	5		
Powell, 2d b.	4	3	2	1		Edler, 1st b.	3	3	9		
Church, p.	5	4	3	6		Sutton, 3d b.	2	2	3		
Horton, 3d b.	3	3	2	1		Brezel, r. f.	4	2	0		
Raymond, l. f.

"HEY, RUBE."

To John Robinson, Jr.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY BILLY DEVEREE.

'Twas just about a year ago,
Too early yet for ice or snow;
Through "pontinous Texas" coming down,
The circus, with a funny clown;
"Hey, Rube."

The boys warn't feeling very well—
The reason now I cannot tell;
And as they "made" each little town
They whispered (as the "hawks" came 'round):
"Hey, Rube."

They didn't speak it, mind you, now;
But if you scanned each frowning brow,
When "pestered" by some "Budgy Guy,"
You'd almost read it in their eye:
"Hey, Rube."

'Tis but a little phrase, 'tis true—
Its meaning well each fakir knew;
And e'en the weakest heart was stirred
At mention of that magic word:
"Hey, Rube."

"They'll eat you up in this ere town,
The boys 'll tear your *circuit* down."
Thus spoke a man with hoary head—
The "Main Guy" wished, and softly said:
"Hey, Rube" (*pianissimo*).

They gathered 'round, about twocore—
I am not sure but there were more—
Red hot, and eager for the fray:
The fakirs *thought*, but did not say:
"Hey, Rube."

The ball was opened—like a flash
Above the battle's dim and dash,
As thunderbolt hurled from the sky,
Rang long and loud the battle cry:
"Hey, Rube."

'Twas but a moment—in they went,
Each man on life and death intent;
They perilled there both life and limb,
'Twas wonderful to hear them sing:
"Hey, Rube" (*forte*).

'Tis finished, the smoke rolls away
As clouds before the sun's bright ray;
The "Texas Chivalry" were gone,
They couldn't play that circus song:
"Hey, Rube."

MORAL.

"Gawks," "Guys" and "Rubes," another day
Whene'er a circus comes your way,
And you are "spiled" for a "chin,"
I'm sure they have not learned to sing;
"Hey, Rube."

Cumberland, Md., Sept. 23, 1874.

JACK'S SISTER;

OR,

WOMANLY PAST QUESTION.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

DARK DAYS.

While Merle was thus drifting along this honeycented stream which, strewn with "roses and rapt ures," flows over dark boulders downwards to the "Misty Avernie," life at Mershon Fallows was the thing down into a dead, grey monotony. For a short time, indeed, the old-fashioned town was in quite a whirl of excitement from the various stories circulating about the family, who were always considered as the leading people in the place, and whose honored name was looked up to by rich and poor alike.

First it was rumored that Jack Leyburn's behavior was carrying on a clandestine flirtation with young Mr. Gore, the member's son. Next, that the engagement was broken off, and Miss Delamayne sent home to her father in disgrace. Next, that young Gore and she had run away with each other, and Mr. Henry had cast off his son with a shilling. And last, that Miss Delamayne and Jack Leyburn had never been engaged at all; but that, knowing his friend's love for the girl, and that his parents would not sanction it, Jack, impelled by the romantic attachment always existing between him and young Gore, had invited Baby on a visit, and introduced her as his betrothed, in order to give scope for the courtship and elopement; that Sir Henry had, in consequence, withdrawn his account from the old bank, and all communication ceased between the Hall and Cedars.

In every bushel of lies there are some grains of truth. Likewise, in most bushels of truth there are some grains of lies. In this case the lies can be easily sifted; and the truth, the only part which requires mentioning, is that relating to Mr. Gore and his family.

Clifton and Baby were married. From the moment of reading that short letter from his friend, which began "Sir," and signified in about ten words, every one of which fell like a drop of frozen fire upon the sore and guilty conscience, that, having ascertained that Mr. Gore had persuaded Miss Delamayne to receive him as a suitor without regard to any previous attachment he might have had, and that she had given her consent to that effect, he (Jack) would of course resign all claim to the young lady; and having returned her with every care, and under his sister's protection, to her father's house, would simply reserve to himself the right of insisting that, as Mr. Gore had elected to engage the young lady in the name he did the most public and damaging manner, while under the protection of his friend's roof, he should redeem his character as a gentleman by making her his wife as speedily as possible; Mr. Leyburn need hardly add that all acquaintance between Mr. Gore and the family at the Cedars must of necessity come to an end from that day and henceforward; from the moment of reading that curt and formal epistle, I say, Clif had given himself up with a sort of dogged recklessness to carry out the demand contained in it. One attempt he did make at seeing his friend; but this being rebuffed with stern decision, he set his teeth hard, and, sitting down to his desk, wrote to Baby at St. Leonard's asking her to be his wife, I wonder whether the days which intervened between that letter and its answer were spent in praying that the latter might be a refusal? Men have done so before now, and been disappointed, as he was. Promptly Baby's answer came, written on scented, creamy paper, gushingly affectionate, unhesitatingly Merle would have cursed the writer for thus ruining his life. Clif only folded up the perfumy epistle with a long, weary sigh.

"Poor little girl!" he said sadly. "Poor little, pretty, foolish girl! Well, I suppose she does love me. I had half hoped she did not, but the whole thing's over but to show him I'm not going to play a blackguard's part by her. He might have seen me once; but I suppose he was right, and that I'd have done the same in his place. His place! Fancy him in mine! Poor Jack—poor old fellow! It's hard enough for him; I'm glad he don't suffer from having been the confounded fool I am. And she never loved him. She said so—not to him, though. Would to Heaven she had! Ah, well, it don't do to think about that now. All I've got to do is to marry her, and make her as happy as I can. I had better get it over with the governor to-day."

And going downstairs, slowly and heavily, as a man on his way to execution, Clif knocked at the library door.

I pass over the scenes which followed. That Sir Henry and Lady Gore would consent to the marriage with Baby Delamayne was not to be expected. The former refused to do so at once, without any circumlocution. He would not hear of such a thing. For once in her life, Lady Gore followed suit, and joined issue against her son. She would rather never see him again than see him as the husband of Baby Delamayne. That he had been her idol, should have wronged his friend so vilely was terrible enough; but to ask his mother's consent to profit by that wrong! He was mad to ask it! And Clif heard them both in silence, taking the full blame on himself, so as to shield his frail love as much as possible; and dismissed the subject with the previous conduct might have been, his marriage was in obedience to Jack Leyburn's wishes. Sir Henry, on this, plumply told him that he lied; and Clif left the house at once.

Without further delay, he went down to St. Leonard's, saw Baby, and, after telling her of his parents' refusal to consent to their union, asked her whether she would not prefer her freedom to a marriage without it; and on only £500 a year—his own private income.

Again Baby disappointed him, and said £500 with him would be Paradise to her. Also Lenore, Maude, and Kitty opened their arms to him as a brother. Also Mrs. Delamayne, with a view to paternal relentings and the title in prospect, blessed him as a son. Also Mr. Delamayne said that, though he was very angry with his daughter, and though girls ought to know their own minds, and though he never could have preferred young Leyburn, still, as the latter professed himself satisfied, and his daughter's affections seemed to have been seriously engaged by Mr. Gore, he would not take on himself to forbid her union with that gentleman; though he could not approve of the proceedings, and, indeed, was too unwell to discuss them further. After which, and in consequence of hints dropped by the elder ladies as to the advisability of an early marriage for preventing further scandal, Mr. Gore asked Baby to name the day, and was told that he was a dear, wicked, impatient fellow; and that she couldn't see, she really couldn't, have her trousseau ready under a month.

On that day four weeks, Clif stood at Baby Delamayne's side before the altar in Hollingwood Church, the curate presiding—the Rev. Paul was still too unwell (?); and before evening he had departed with his bride for the Continent.

Heavily fell the clouds over the Cedars now.

High words had been spoken between Jack and Sir Henry; for the latter, enraged by his son's obstinacy, went off to the bank to reproach the author of it; and Jack, already stung beyond endurance, had taken reproaches the reverse of mildly. Bitter things were said on either side, and the gentlemen parted without shaking hands; although Sir Henry did not, as was reported, think it necessary to withdraw his money from a bank where it was so safely invested. The Leyburns saw no more of him. Lady Gore had been taken very ill; and after one tender, sorrowful little letter to Enid, she was carried away by Sir Henry to the Isle of Wight, and the Hall shut up till Easter.

It made little difference to the family at the Cedars. Jack had sunk into a mood of stern, silent gloom, which admitted of no softening. Indeed, some peevish lamenting from Aunt Jane, on the wickedness of the girl who had led away her particular favorite among mankind, provoked such a burst of invective against the latter, and such a renewed declaration that treachery like his should go unforgiven though the traitor were on his deathbed, that for the future Jack's orders were obeyed, and Clifton's name buried in a silence as deep as the grave. The young master of the house was not often to be found in it now. He slaved away at the bank with a dogged pertinacity and a rigid discipline which disgusted the clerks, who had anticipated light and easy times while so young a chief; went for long solitary rides in the afternoon, and only returned in time for a dinner eaten in almost total silence, and from which he and his cigars retreated to the study for the remainder of the evening.

One or two visitors who did come across him were quite electrified by his surly moroseness; and as Enid declined to atone for her lack of independence of speech by apologizing, and giving a full, true, and particular account of what had befallen, she too fell into bad odor with the neighbors; and the great iron knocker at the Cedars resounded so seldom, that, but for the name of it, Miss Leyburn and her niece might have been a Dead of Professant nuns. It was in these sad days that Enid wrote to Merle for sympathy. His rebuff did not tend to make them brighter.

And it was still in the first year of her mourning—barely twelve months since that happy week when Jack and Clif came back from their Continental ramble—

She bore up bravely. Her poor people were never more constantly visited, her schools more zealously taught. Aunt Jane was fairly coaxed and nursed into reviving health; and as for Jack—if I could tell you all the little wiles employed to please or cheer him, you would think the young lady a female Machiavelli. She used to study the papers for one thing, dive deep into politics, investigate the blundering of the School Board Commissioners, and coach herself upon the never-failing "Sir Roger" in order to be able to furnish her brother with "sensible" conversation at meals. She braved the worst weather with petitions to join in his rides; and never grumbled, though his lips were not unclosed the whole way. She went down into the kitchen, to herself superintend the concoction of extra delicacies for the tempting of his palate, and—crowning sacrifice of womanhood—she actually asked him to smoke in her drawing-room!

For all this she got no thanks, and expected none—Jack being even entirely unconscious of the feminine sympathetic machinations going on about him. Also she got no good; and, though sorely disappointed, hid her defeat under a cheerful exterior, and tried again.

Of Clifton and Baby she never willingly thought. A great gulf had opened between her and the former, a gulf which might never be crossed; and the pitiful yearnings of her heart were silenced with a stern decision which made her appear as unforgiving as her brother. Indeed, Aunt Jane, who still moaned in private over the culprit, thought her niece rather harsh in this score, and told her so; adding that if Enid had not made the poor fellow desperate by her rejection, he would never have got into such evil company. To her great surprise, the young woman addressed burst into a most unwonted passion of tears.

"O Annie, don't say so! don't put it into my head! Make any other excuse for him you like, but not that. He never loved me really, or he could not have ceased—have changed so soon. Oh! I am glad of it—that he did not; that no one has loved me like Merle—poor Merle!"

Enid actually incoherent! Aunt Jane simply stared in rebuking surprise, and, after the lapse of a minute or two, observed sedately that she thought her niece had better take ten drops of salvolatile in a tablespoonful of cold water; such hysterical exhibitions being unsuitable and unbefitting anyone, more especially a young lady brought up under her training.

Enid apologized meekly.

"And really, I think you should take a pill to-night, my dear—one of Hunt's," Aunt Jane went on. "You have been looking very flushed and unlike yourself for some time—probably bile; and if one doesn't do, take two."

Enid acquiesced.

It is worthy of remark that Aunt Jane had said nothing vituperative of Merle when his name was thus dragged in. A short time ago, this would not have happened; but one of the strongest signs which Enid had shown of being "unlike herself" was a tendency to fly out if anything against her lover was hinted to or before her, and with such vigor that even Aunt Jane was startled into abstinence on that particular topic. I am sorry to have to record this of my heroine, as I believe I have hitherto extolled her for possessing an unusually sweet and even temper. For Truth is truth, and on this point Enid had certainly become wonderfully touchy of late.

Can any of my women readers guess the reason why?

Little by little, and day by day, a terrible fear was growing on her, a black cloud looming in the horizon, and slowly, very slowly, spreading and drawing nearer; so that it required all her skill and resolution to shut her eyes to its approach, or retreat from its advance. And yet, when had it begun? Over and over again she asked herself that question, and found no reply. It seemed to her now nothing extraordinary to be kept two or even three weeks waiting for one of the letters which used to come so often; and when it came, to be cut to the heart by the contents. There was not much of them, certainly; twenty lines scrawled over a sheet of notepaper, telling nothing and saying nothing, often ending abruptly with a blotted initial; and all—every one—showing a flippant indifference and a general lowering of tone which made it hard to believe that they were written by the same man who used to fill four or five sheets with confidential outpourings and ingenuous confidences, till he had to whom from childhood she had so lovingly devoted herself.

No one but Enid heaself and the God above ever knew what she endured, without outward sign or show, from these letters; and the defalcation, not only from herself, but from all things good and true to which they testified. She said nothing, not even to Merle. Perhaps to write with regard to him, it would have been better if she had; but having always heard that women's reproaches and complaints were the surest way of destroying love, and regarding Merle's peculiarities of temper as especially requiring tenderness and indulgence, she resolutely abstained from word or comment which should seem to savor of blame, by even betraying her own suffering; and contented herself with answering them promptly, and praying for the absent one with such fervor, such earnest entreating, and pitiful tears, as had probably never entered into her orisons before. Still, the letters were not as they had used to be; it was not to be expected.

She could not now volunteer all the little home details and innocent gossip which were never asked for, and seemed to have lost all interest. Neither could she enter into his life as formerly, now that there was nothing of it—knew not even where he lived; for of late he had mentioned, very curtly, the fact of having left his old lodgings, and, instead of giving her the address of the new ones, had desired her to write to the club. She could not ask questions about his pursuits, or intentions, when his studied reserve on such topics was apparently a settled habit, and that he preferred to keep them to himself; nor could she even ask for sympathy in any of her own troubles, after the rebuff she had received for doing so. And so she merely wrote at intervals a brief, kind letter replying to his, and mentioning any little facts which she thought might possibly please or amuse him; which letter, in fact—cheerful, but brief and slightly constrained—as any cousin might write to another with whom she was not very intimate. How she hated them herself! How she longed for even one of his old outbursts of jealousy or anger to break down this skim of formality freezing between them, and force a full and free explanation, which should give scope to the love yearning and trembling in her own heart.

By-and-bye that hope was silenced. The end, so long foreshadowed, came at last; and with as sudden and crushing a power as though she had had no forewarning of its advent. Merle had an enemy, and that enemy was only too willing his influence.

It was one day in Autumn. There was no great press of business at the bank; and for some days past Jack's moodiness had been showing itself in a reckless desire to get away somewhere—anywhere—for a fortnight's holiday. He was getting sick of the place, he said; and his wonderful self agreed that he wanted a change—Enid boldly suggesting Paris as the gayest place she could think of; and making as many playful jests on the accession of Palais Royal jewelry which she should expect from the visit, as though no dead weight of anxiety were lying at her heart all the while.

"By the way, if Merle were not just going up for his ordination, he might run down to enliven you," Jack said, with some consideration for the young woman who was so cheerfully speeding his amusement. "He has been looking out rather seedy of late."

"No—at least, I don't think so."

And Enid blushed up as hotly as though she were a schoolgirl of fifteen and Merle a recent admirer.

"I dare say I shall look in at him, passing through London," Jack persisted, with unwonted volubility. "I suppose he's still at the old place? I never hear from him."

"Oh, you'll find him at the club best," Enid put in hurriedly, and conscious that she was guilty of something like equivocation. "Do go and see him, Jack—you must; and tell him to come here, if it is only for a day or two," she added.

And Jack, whose momentary sociability had been overcast by the sight of an old music-book of Clifton's lying on the hall table, only grunted in assent, and left the house.

That was in the morning. The same evening he received a letter which turned him purple and almost foaming with suppressed rage. He said nothing about it, however; but briefly announced that he was going up to London that night, and, without a word of explanation of any sort, departed.

He did not come home till late on the following evening; and Enid, who had passed the last twenty-four hours in an utterly causeless state of sick, nervous anxiety, felt no surprise when, without a syllable of greeting, he marched into the room, took her into his arms, and kissed her twice, hard—his face fixed and rigid as a stone.

"Something has happened, Jack?" she said, looking up into his face, and coming with a shrinking, terrified appeal.

"Yes," he said. There was no one else in the room, and he put her back into her chair, ere replying—"So much, that you and Merle Kinnardson must never meet again. Read that."

And so, without a word of softening, put a long, closely-written letter in his sister's hands.

She opened it, glanced at the pages, turned to the signature—"T. Middlemist"—and then looked up piteously at her brother with a blank, troubled look, and held the letter to him.

"I can't read it—tell me, Jack," she said, shivering.

And Jack took back the paper, and told her.

It was a bad story anyhow. It sounded worse in those stern lips, and to that pure hearing. Deeply in debt, hopelessly entangled with some actress of light repute, never absent from her side, his profession insulted and relinquished, his residence unknown, his influence the basest and most disastrous of men in London—could anything be worse? And it was all true.

"I went up to see for myself," Jack said. "Saw his tradesmen; Middlemist, who wrote this; Clougton, his best friend, who, though a clever fellow, is one of the greatest rakes going; and Drugh, a professed infidel and libertine, and a rival of his for this girl's favor. He actually gave up the church because she wouldn't have him at one of her suppers without a pledge to that effect. He parades himself with her. A thousand a year would hardly cover the rate he is living at. Enid, do you hear? all, every shadow of connection, must be over between you. The man is not fit to come inside these doors, after such ingratitude. Why do you look in that way? Can't you understand? He has disgraced himself and you irretrievably."

"Jack!" she began appealingly, and stopped.

She had sat silent before, looking at him with the wide, pitiful eyes of some dumb and harmless animal cruelly tortured. Even now her voice sounded faint and weak.

"Did you see him?"

"No. I couldn't trust myself so far. If he were only a bigger man," and the young Goliath ground his teeth. "But I could kill that miserable cur with one blow; and—he knows it."

She shuddered, and put out one hand deprecatingly.

"Can't there be any explanation? Oh!"—as his brows came together with angry impatience—"don't be angry with me, Jack. I'm very silly, I don't know much about men; but every one says their temptations are stronger than ours, and some of these—these actresses are very clever. Let me write to him and beg him to tell you everything. There might be some excuse. It all seems so wrong, so terrible; but if I only were hurt I could forgive him, be his sister still, even if I might not be his wife; and—Jack, a man may always repent——"

Jack interrupted her with angry impatience:

"Repent! Forgive! Are you infatuated, that a rat like that can make you lose all sense of womanly dignity? I thought girls like you were so pure! 'You'd be afraid

AQUATIC.

THREE-MILE ROWING MATCH

BETWEEN

John Biglin and James Ten Eyck for $500 a Side.

BIGLIN WINS A GOOD RACE.

After two postponements, rendered necessary by the unfavorable condition of the water on the course upon which the principals had elected to row, the sculers' match between John A. Biglin of New York City and James A. Ten Eyck of Nyack, N. Y., was decided at the latter place on Friday, Oct. 9, and terminated in the victory of the widely-known metropolitan oarsman. An accurate report of the struggle, together with other information relating to the match, will be found underneath.

SKETCHES OF THE MEN.

JOHN A. BIGLIN was born in Pennsylvania, having first drawn breath in Cambria County, not far from the summit of the Alleghen y Mountains, on the 30th of January, 1844, and is, therefore, now in his thirty-first year. In stature he reaches 5ft. 9¾in., is large-framed, spare of flesh, with an abundance of muscle, and sinews of steel, and on the day of the race scaled about 164 pounds. He was brought to this city by his parents when a child, and was reared in the upper districts, where for a long time prior to the formation of the paid department he did good service as a fireman, the "masheen" of his choice being No. 12, located on East Thirty-third street. He early manifested a decided penchant for rowing, and his career as an oarsmen began ere he had emerged from his teens. He and his brothers Barney and James, with Denny Leary, organized a four-oared crew, known as the "George J. Brown crew," from the fact of their rowing a shell thus named, after their principal backer, and they were brought prominently into notice by their grand performance on the Harlem River, Sept. 10, 1868, when they rowed five miles in 30 minutes 44⅝ seconds—a performance which until the present day stands unequaled. It is all the more remarkable, too, from the fact that but one member of the crew, Leary, had at that time attained his majority, while the subject of our sketch was in his seventeenth year. In this race they defeated the Poughkeepsiee crew—Stevens, Wooden, LeRoy and Benseway—and a crew from Greenpoint, L. I., composed of Oscar Teed, Boggs, Osborn and Hayes. Omitting to refer in detail to the numerous races in which he took part as a member of this crew, and of the reorganized four in which Jack Eckerson and John Blew occupied the places vacated by Leary and Jim Biglin, we will confine ourselves to an enumeration of the principal scullers' races, match and regatta, in which the subject of our sketch has participated, with varying success, from the commencement of his long rowing career up to the present day. On the 25th of October, 1866, he entered for the regatta at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., which was won by John Mekeel. Bill Stevens came in second, and Gil Ward third. Biglin withdrawing when about halfway up the homestretch. In November, same year, John pulled five miles against John McCready, off the Elysian Fields, Hoboken, N. J., and won as he pleased, Macbeth pumped out at the end of the first mile. The stakes were $250 a side, and the time made was 39:40. Biglin next defeated William H. Hayes in a race of 2¾ miles, off the Elysian Fields, Hoboken, Sept. 7, 1868, for $250 a side, and the seven-feet working boats. On November 25, same year, he pulled against John Mekeel, William H. Hayes, John Blew, and his brother Barney in a sculling race which came off over the Elysian Fields course, three miles, and was won by Mekeel, Barney being second and John third. The race was decided on a foul. He next rowed a match, five miles, in working boats, with Frank Bell, for $500, and James Walker, on the Battery course, June 15, 1869, for $50 and a gold watch, coming off victor in 47:06 quite handily. He then rowed Fred Sinzer, the same course, for a prompt in character, for $70, five miles, off the Elysian Fields, July 12, same year; Biglin, although untrained, winning in 46:00. He next took part in a regatta held on the Thames River on the 31st of August of that year, and, with Geo. Francis, won the double-scull race, seventeen-feet boats, five miles, in 34:51. The next match he engaged in was with John Mekeel, for $300 a side, in seventeen-feet boats, five miles, off the Elysian Fields. Biglin proving triumphant in 39:04. In the regatta of the Empire City Rowing Club, Sept. 6, 1869, he and John Blew rowed a dead heat for the first prize in the shell race, and on the 20th of the same month he appeared at the inaugural regatta of the Manhattan Club, on the East River, and was the winner in the working-boat race. At the Saratoga regatta, Sept. 11, 1871, he came in third in the single-scull race, four miles, Ellis Ward being fourth. On Sept. 25, same year, he pulled against William Hayes and Frank Bell in a five-miler at the regatta of the Friendship Club, winning easily. His next engagement was with Ellis Ward, and was a five-mile match, for $500 a side. It was rowed on the Hudson River, at Nyack, N. Y., Sept. 19, 1872, Biglin winning by about four lengths in 39:05. Another match was made between them in the Spring of 1873 for a like sum, same distance, which was decided on the Connecticut River, at Springfield, Mass., July 15. Ward led for a mile, with Biglin close upon him and seemingly rowing with ease, but when he (Ellis) was suddenly seized with vertigo and had to withdraw, Biglin rowing leisurely over the course and taking the money. He participated in the first-class single-scull race at the St. John regatta, Sept. 15, that year, coming in second, about five feet behind Allston, upon whom he gained a length in the last one hundred yards, and it is thought that he could have beaten him had he spurted earlier. He had previously entered into a match with the celebrated Halifax sculler George Brown (the present champion), and they rowed five miles, with a turn, for $1,000 a side, in Halifax harbor, Sept. 24, last year, when Biglin, who led at starting, was beaten by thirty seconds in 33min. 45sec. Had he paid more attention to the work of securing physical fitness, he could at least have made a far better race than he did upon this occasion. It is well to mention just here that John likewise formed one of the four-oared crew which represented the States in the international regatta held at Halifax Aug. 31, 1871, his companions being his brother Barney, Harry Coulter, and Joseph Kaye, Jr. After a hard-rowed six-mile race they were beaten by the Taylor-Winship crew of England and the Pryor crew of Halifax. They defeated the Chambers (formerly Renforth English four) and the Barton and Roche crews of Halifax. The same crew took part in the regatta at Saratoga, on Sept. 9, same year, and tied for third place with the Taylor-Winship four, the Ward brothers winning, with the Chambers crew second. Returning home, overtures were made for a match with the Ward four, but they couldn't come to any agreement. A challenge was then issued by John and Barney to row any two men in the world a five-mile pair-oared race, which was accepted by Coulter and Joe Sadler, of Allegheny, Pa. They rowed on the Schuylkill River, at Philadelphia, for $1,000 a side, May 20, 1872, the Bigs leading all the way and winning by 50 seconds, the race was pulled in a heavy rainstorm, and the time made was 32 minutes 1 second. This was the first pair-oared race of importance ever rowed in this country, and the style in which it was won added greatly to the reputation of the brothers as fine oarsmen. In the Fourth of July regatta at Boston, Mass., this year, John took part in the single-scull race, and was awarded second money, though Eph Morris and John Landers beat him to the rope marking the finishing line, where the former's boat caught on the rope—an accident which lost him first prize. With Barney Regan for partner he also pulled in the double-scull race, winning second money. His next appearance was at the Oakland Beach regatta, near Providence, R. I., Aug. 6-7 last. On the first day he pulled against Eph Morris and Ten Eyck in the scullers' race, two miles, beating the latter and securing the second prize. On the second day he, with Morris, Ten Eyck, and Chas. Ingalls, formed a seven-oared four-oared crew; but as they were miserably rigged, they had no show to win against two such strong fours as the Faulkner-Regans of Boston and the Longshore crew of Portland, Me., and accordingly withdrew from the race before completing the first of the four miles constituting the course. This was the last time, prior to the present occasion, that Biglin pulled an oar in a public contest. The events not herein mentioned were of no importance. As either a single-oar puller or sculler, there are few men who can be more depended upon than John Biglin, especially in a long race, as, besides being endowed with great strength and a constitution iron-like in its capacity to bear up under the severe strain to which it has been for more than a decade of years subjected, he is possessed of great skill, and has been most thoroughly taught in the school of experience, having perhaps done more rowing than any other man in the country.

JAMES A. TEN EYCK is a native of New York State, having been born at Tompkins Cove on the Hudson, Oct. 16, 1851, being therefore in his twenty-third year at the present time. Having been in public races ever since his eighteenth year, the first account we have of him as a sculler being in connection with the citizens' regatta given on Newburg Bay, July 4, 1870, when he and Ed Mc-Cready defeated John Mekeel and Schedgell, and other double-sculers. Subsequently to this affair, a match was arranged between him and his late companion, Murphy, for $100 a side, we believe. They met on the Passaic River, one turn, in 11-foot boats, at Cornwall, N. Y., Sept. 20, 1870, Ten Eyck carrying off the stakes in 26:16½. Murphy wasn't satisfied with this result of a race which he had felt confident of winning, and he immediately issued another challenge, which the youthful "Jimmy" hesitated not to accept. An agreement was entered into to row the same distances as before, and for the amount above-named, and they agreed to carry out this agreement Oct. 5, 1870; but after they had rowed over one-fourth of the distance the boats collided and both parties fouled. The referee, however, would not allow the claim, nor would he order the men to row over, as he ought to have done, but declared the race off, the stakes were accordingly drawn. Ten Eyck afterwards issued a challenge to his quondam antagonist, but "Murph" didn't fancy the job sufficiently to accept. On the 5th of July, 1871, he participated in a single-scull regatta at Newburg, coming in second, the winner being Ellis Ward, and the distance four miles. On the 21st of the same month he appeared in a single-scull race at Ingleside, Mass., the distance being four miles, and the victor his former conqueror, Ellis Ward; T. C. Butler second, Pandeen Harrington third; distance, two miles; time of winner, 14:42. His next appearance was at the Empire City Regatta, Harlem River, New York, Sept. 25, same year, when he came in second by four seconds to John Biglin, in a four-mile race in 17-foot working boats, three turns, the winner's time being 31:59. He then showed up at the Boston, Mass., Fourth of July regatta, in 1872, when he won the first prize for single sculls, beating T. C. Butler, T. F. Doyle, Jr., John Biglin, P. Harrington and others; time for the two miles, 15:16½. Oct. 23, same year, he carried off the first prize in a regatta held at Peekskill, rowing three miles, with a turn, in 24:25, and vanquishing Gil Ward of Cornwall and Jared T. Raymond of Sing Sing. On June 4, 1873, at Lake Maghagh, Verplanck's Point, he entered for the single-scull race, and took first prize; Gil Ward second; and in the scullers' race at the Boston regatta, July 4, same year, he came home second to Eph Morris of Pittsburg, whose time for the two miles, with a turn, was 14:46¾, a second and a half better than the Peekskiller could do. After repeated challenges, emanating from both parties, a match was made between Jimmy and Billy Scharff of Pittsburg, (we looked upon (as he still is by many) as the first sculler in the States, the terms of the match being that they should pull three miles, with a turn, at Peekskill, for $500 a side, and the race was rowed on Sept. 30, unevenly were the men adjudged to be matched that odds of 100 to 30 were demanded by Ten Eyck's friends, and in several instances given by the enthusiastic admirers of Scharff. The water shortly after the start was made become quite rough, especially at the upper end of the course, and this was the direct cause of a result totally unlooked-for. He was very badly regarded for some time, and after they were a mile on the journey the waves kept constantly washing over Scharff's boat, which shipped enough water to materially increase the labor of propelling the shell. He, however, effected it without seeming difficulty, his lead of two lengths, until within about a quarter of a mile of the finish, when he was somewhat swamped, and Ten Eyck, coming up, with hand-over-hand, passed his disabled opponent and won an unexpected victory. Immediately afterwards Billy's friends offered to make a fresh match for a larger stake, but the winner's friends were silent, thus tacitly acknowledging that Ten Eyck's triumph was solely due to accident. Jimmy's next appearance was in a working-boat race with Odell Dyckman, over the same course, for $100 a side, Aug. 1 last, Ten Eyck winning by a length in 28:50. The race was rowed in a rainstorm, and at the close Dyckman claimed foul, which was not allowed by the referee. It was a close, severe struggle, and overtures made by the loser's backers for another trial were not listened to by the victorious party of the past. He subsequently took part in the Oakland Beach regatta, the result of his efforts there being detailed in the foregoing sketch of John Biglin. Ten Eyck is a very youthful in appearance, and though his height is precisely the same as that of his late antagonist, he is a much smaller man, weighing on the 9th about 139 pounds, which is a pound heavier than when he pulled against Scharff. A person looking at him, without knowing the man, would never imagine him to be the accomplished oarsman he has proved himself.

HOW THE MATCH WAS MADE.

Having heard that George B. Englehart had given utterance to a desire to measure sculls with him, Ten Eyck on Aug. 14 issued through our columns a challenge in which he invited Engelhart to meet him in a three-miler, either on Saratoga Lake or at Troy, N. Y., sometime in September, the stakes to be five hundred dollars aside. This didn't seem to meet with the approval of the challenged party, and after waiting patiently but unavailingly for three weeks for a favorable reply, Ten Eyck on Sept. 7 threw open his challenge to any man in New York State, proposing to row a half-way between home-and-home, three miles, for the sum above-mentioned. This answer at bold defi exactly suited John Biglin, who lost no time in sending in his acceptance and at a meeting held at THE CLIPPER office the following agreement was signed:

ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT entered into this 19th day of September, 1874, between John A. Biglin of New York City and James Ten Eyck of Peekskill, who hereby agree to row a scullers' race, in best and best boats, in accordance with the following conditions, by which they mutually agree to be bound:

Article 1. Said race shall be for $500 a side, and shall be rowed at Nyack, N. Y.

2. Said race to be rowed on the 7th day of October, 1874. The hour of rowing to be between 2 and 3 o'clock P. M. Smooth water required. The condition of the water to be decided by the referee, who is hereby empowered to postpone the race to the next day, or the first favorable day thereafter.

3. Mr. Frank Queen to be temporary stakeholder, and the final stakeholder and referee to be mutually agreed upon two days before the race (Oct. 5). The decision of the referee to be binding on both parties, and final. The reference to accompany the men over the course, if possible.

4. The men shall toss for choice of position before starting in the race, and shall be started by the word "Go," said word to be given by the referee. The men shall start from two boats, moored twenty-five yards apart, and shall row one and a half miles to their respective stakeboats, and return to line of starting; each man to turn his own stakeboat from right to left. Said stakeboats to be placed twenty-five yards apart.

5. No boat or boats in the interest of either contestant shall be allowed to accompany the men over the course.

6. The leading boat becomes entitled to the hindmost boat's water when the leading man shows clear water between his boat's stern and the bow of the boat of the contestant.

7. A boat swerving from a direct course to impede the progress of the contesting boat shall be ruled out.

8. The deposit now up to be increased to five hundred dollars ($500) a side on the 5th of October, 1874, at the office of THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

9. Either party failing to comply with the provisions of these articles to forfeit the money up.

10. The referee in all cases to be bound by the articles.

In pursuance of this agreement we hereunto attach our names; JOHN A. BIGLIN,
A. M. SEYMOUR. JAMES A. TEN EYCK.
WITNESS: JAMES H. BIGLIN,

As scarcely three weeks intervened between the time of clinching the argument and the day fixed upon for rowing, there was not an hour's time to waste, and accordingly each man immediately began earnestly the work which it was requisite to perform in order that physical excellence might be secured, each well knowing that he would have no child's play to defeat his opponent. Ten Eyck, who ever since he issued his challenge to Englehart had been taking daily exercise with the oars and otherwise, observed greater regularity in the performance of his self-imposed labors, having Charley Ingalls to look after him, assisted by Jimmy's younger brother. Biglin settled down to business on Newtown Creek as soon as the match was ratified, with that careful and experienced trainer, Tom Elliott, to superintend his preparation, while the pilot-oarsmen Frank Bell was always ready to lend a helping-hand for the weal of an old-time friend, as well as quondam opponent with the sculls. As a natural result of this strict attention to their duties, when the day arrived each principal was in prime condition. After seeing that the second and final deposit was staked on time, John left the same evening for Nyack, there to remain until after the race, being accompanied up the Hudson by by Messrs. Elliott and Bell, who seemed wrapped up in his success. Ten Eyck visited Nyack on the following day, the 6th; but returned to Peekskill in the afternoon, coming back on the morning of the 7th inst. At the time of posting the last deposit, a final stakeholder was chosen in the person of the Hon. James W. Husted of Peekskill, but the selection of a referee was deferred until the 6th, at a meeting appointed to be held at Nyack. Ten Eyck's representative failed to make his appearance at the time designated, however, though the matter was satisfactorily adjusted on the succeeding morning, when ex-Commodore William Voorhis of the Brooklyn Yacht Club was chosen referee and stakeholder, Mr. Husted finding it impossible to attend. On the same day the money at stake was transferred to Mr. Voorhis.

WHO WENT TO SEE IT.

Although he has been rowing in public for a period of six years, the races in which the Peekskill boy had previously figured had, with a single exception, been of minor importance, and the successes achieved had not brought to him much reputation. The exception referred to was his contest with Scharff, and the laurels won in that race were dimmed by the admitted accidental character of the victory. That consequent, however, gave to Jimmy special prominence, and to it was attributable, in a great measure, the interest manifested in the issue of the meeting on the 9th inst. The number who made the excursion from this city and the boating towns up the Hudson was much smaller than that which assembled at the same place upon the occasion of the trial of oaric prowess between Biglin and Ward, a fact easily accounted for by the greater reputation of the youngest son of the famous Cornwall rowing family, and the rivalry long existing between him and John of York; but not at all to the liking of those who, with an eye single to the main chance, endeavored to turn several honest pennies by chartering steamers to convey the expected crowds to the aquatic battle-field. Four steamboats went from New York, viz.: the Wyoming, Americus, Magenta and Virginia Seymour, the latter having on board a private party. Of the regatta excursion boats the Wyoming was the only one which was heavily freighted with humanity, having on board about fifteen hundred passengers, including Assemblyman Barney Biglin and his brothers Jim and Phil, while nearly all the others who swarmed upon the decks were partisans of the Gotham oarsman. This was an exceedingly lively party, and on the up journey they kept the lads behind the improvised bars on the lower deck on the jump in supplying them with fluid extracts, of which foaming lager formed the staple, and appeasing their hunger with half-grown sandwiches at double figures. During the trip some money was wagered at odds of from $100 to $75 on Biglin, but the friends of Ten Eyck on board were so few that the betting didn't amount to shucks. On the other steamers the same scenes were enacted, though on a smaller scale.

The Magenta was the first boat of the excursion fleet to arrive at her destination, the Americus following, and shortly afterwards the Boardman came down the river, with a goodly party on board from Newburg, Peekskill and Sing Sing, this craft having been chartered in the interest of Ten Eyck. Going ashore with the crowd, we sought out the principals, and found Biglin quietly resting in bed at the Rockland County Hotel, kept by Wm. Wessels, who for a score of years has been well-known to New Yorkers, and who was landlord of the York Hotel, which Biglin made his headquarters at the time of his race with Ellis Ward. John, who looked in the very best of condition, greeted us cheerily, and in response to our inquiries as to how he felt, replied that he felt good, and that he was a better man physically than when he rowed on this water two years before—an assertion to the truth of which Tom Elliott, who was sitting beside his charge, bore witness. John wasn't at all worried about the result of the meeting, which he looked upon as added greatly to his reputation of the brothers as fine oarsmen. In the Fourth of July regatta at Boston, Mass., this year, John took part in the single-scull race, and was awarded second money, though Eph Morris and John Landers beat him to the rope marking the finishing line, where the former's boat caught on the rope—an accident which lost him first prize. With Barney Regan for partner he also pulled in the double-scull race, winning second money. His next appearance was at the Oakland Beach regatta, near Providence, R. I., Aug. 6-7 last. On the first day he pulled against Eph Morris and Ten Eyck in the scullers' race, two miles, beating the latter and securing the second prize. On the second day he, with Morris, Ten Eyck, and Chas. Ingalls, formed a seven-oared four-oared crew; but as they were miserably rigged, they had no show to win against two such strong fours as the Faulkner-Regans of Boston and the Longshore crew of Portland, Me., and accordingly withdrew from the race before completing the first of the four miles constituting the course. This was the last time, prior to the present occasion, that Biglin pulled an oar in a public contest. The events not herein mentioned were of no importance. As either a single-oar puller or sculler, there are few men who can be more depended upon than John Biglin, especially in a long race, as, besides being endowed with great strength and a constitution iron-like in its capacity to bear up under the severe strain to which it has been for more than a decade of years subjected, he is possessed of great skill, and has been most thoroughly taught in the school of experience, having perhaps done more rowing than any other man in the country.

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8. The deposit now up to be increased to five hundred dollars ($500) a side on the 5th of October, 1874, at the office of THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

9. Either party failing to comply with the provisions of these articles to forfeit the money up.

10. The referee in all cases to be bound by the articles.

In pursuance of this agreement we hereunto attach our names; JOHN A. BIGLIN,
A. M. SEYMOUR. JAMES A. TEN EYCK.
WITNESS: JAMES H. BIGLIN,

As scarcely three weeks intervened between the time of clinching the argument and the day fixed upon for rowing, there was not an hour's time to waste, and accordingly each man immediately began earnestly the work which it was requisite to perform in order that physical excellence might be secured, each well knowing that he would have no child's play to defeat his opponent. Ten Eyck, who ever since he issued his challenge to Englehart had been taking daily exercise with the oars and otherwise, observed greater regularity in the performance of his self-imposed labors, having Charley Ingalls to look after him, assisted by Jimmy's younger brother. Biglin settled down to business on Newtown Creek as soon as the match was ratified, with that careful and experienced trainer, Tom Elliott, to superintend his preparation, while the pilot-oarsmen Frank Bell was always ready to lend a helping-hand for the weal of an old-time friend, as well as quondam opponent with the sculls. As a natural result of this strict attention to their duties, when the day arrived each principal was in prime condition. After seeing that the second and final deposit was staked on time, John left the same evening for Nyack, there to remain until after the race, being accompanied up the Hudson by by Messrs. Elliott and Bell, who seemed wrapped up in his success. Ten Eyck visited Nyack on the following day, the 6th; but returned to Peekskill in the afternoon, coming back on the morning of the 7th inst. At the time of posting the last deposit, a final stakeholder was chosen in the person of the Hon. James W. Husted of Peekskill, but the selection of a referee was deferred until the 6th, at a meeting appointed to be held at Nyack. Ten Eyck's representative failed to make his appearance at the time designated, however, though the matter was satisfactorily adjusted on the succeeding morning, when ex-Commodore William Voorhis of the Brooklyn Yacht Club was chosen referee and stakeholder, Mr. Husted finding it impossible to attend. On the same day the money at stake was transferred to Mr. Voorhis.

WHO WENT TO SEE IT.

Although he has been rowing in public for a period of six years, the races in which the Peekskill boy had previously figured had, with a single exception, been of minor importance, and the successes achieved had not brought to him much reputation. The exception referred to was his contest with Scharff, and the laurels won in that race were dimmed by the admitted accidental character of the victory. That consequent, however, gave to Jimmy special prominence, and to it was attributable, in a great measure, the interest manifested in the issue of the meeting on the 9th inst. The number who made the excursion from this city and the boating towns up the Hudson was much smaller than that which assembled at the same place upon the occasion of the trial of oaric prowess between Biglin and Ward, a fact easily accounted for by the greater reputation of the youngest son of the famous Cornwall rowing family, and the rivalry long existing between him and John of York; but not at all to the liking of those who, with an eye single to the main chance, endeavored to turn several honest pennies by chartering steamers to convey the expected crowds to the aquatic battle-field. Four steamboats went from New York, viz.: the Wyoming, Americus, Magenta and Virginia Seymour, the latter having on board a private party. Of the regatta excursion boats the Wyoming was the only one which was heavily freighted with humanity, having on board about fifteen hundred passengers, including Assemblyman Barney Biglin and his brothers Jim and Phil, while nearly all the others who swarmed upon the decks were partisans of the Gotham oarsman. This was an exceedingly lively party, and on the up journey they kept the lads behind the improvised bars on the lower deck on the jump in supplying them with fluid extracts, of which foaming lager formed the staple, and appeasing their hunger with half-grown sandwiches at double figures. During the trip some money was wagered at odds of from $100 to $75 on Biglin, but the friends of Ten Eyck on board were so few that the betting didn't amount to shucks. On the other steamers the same scenes were enacted, though on a smaller scale.

The Magenta was the first boat of the excursion fleet to arrive at her destination, the Americus following, and shortly afterwards the Boardman came down the river, with a goodly party on board from Newburg, Peekskill and Sing Sing, this craft having been chartered in the interest of Ten Eyck. Going ashore with the crowd, we sought out the principals, and found Biglin quietly resting in bed at the Rockland County Hotel, kept by Wm. Wessels, who for a score of years has been well-known to New Yorkers, and who was landlord of the York Hotel, which Biglin made his headquarters at the time of his race with Ellis Ward. John, who looked in the very best of condition, greeted us cheerily, and in response to our inquiries as to how he felt, replied that he felt good, and that he was a better man physically than when he rowed on this water two years before—an assertion to the truth of which Tom Elliott, who was sitting beside his charge, bore witness. John wasn't at all worried about the result of the meeting, which he looked upon as added greatly to his reputation of the brothers as fine oarsmen. In the Fourth of July regatta at Boston, Mass., this year, John took part in the single-scull race, and was awarded second money, though Eph Morris and John Landers beat him to the rope marking the finishing line, where the former's boat caught on the rope—an accident which lost him first prize. With Barney Regan for partner he also pulled in the double-scull race, winning second money. His next appearance was at the Oakland Beach regatta, near Providence, R. I., Aug. 6-7 last. On the first day he pulled against Eph Morris and Ten Eyck in the scullers' race, two miles, beating the latter and securing the second prize. On the second day he, with Morris, Ten Eyck, and Chas. Ingalls, formed a seven-oared four-oared crew; but as they were miserably rigged, they had no show to win against two such strong fours as the Faulkner-Regans of Boston and the Longshore crew of Portland, Me., and accordingly withdrew from the race before completing the first of the four miles constituting the course. This was the last time, prior to the present occasion, that Biglin pulled an oar in a public contest. The events not herein mentioned were of no importance. As either a single-oar puller or sculler, there are few men who can be more depended upon than John Biglin, especially in a long race, as, besides being endowed with great strength and a constitution iron-like in its capacity to bear up under the severe strain to which it has been for more than a decade of years subjected, he is possessed of great skill, and has been most thoroughly taught in the school of experience, having perhaps done more rowing than any other man in the country.

JAMES A. TEN EYCK is a native of New York State, having been born at Tompkins Cove on the Hudson, Oct. 16, 1851, being therefore in his twenty-third year at the present time. He has been rowing in public races ever since his eighteenth year, the first account we have of him as a sculler being in connection with the citizens' regatta given on Newburg Bay, July 4, 1870, when he and Ed McCready defeated John Mekeel and Schedgell, and other double-sculers. Subsequently to this affair, a match was arranged between him and his late companion, Murphy, for $100 a side, we believe. They met on the Passaic River, one turn, in 11-foot boats, at Cornwall, N. Y., Sept. 20, 1870, Ten Eyck carrying off the stakes in 26:16½. Murphy wasn't satisfied with this result of a race which he had felt confident of winning, and he immediately issued another challenge, which the youthful "Jimmy" hesitated not to accept. An agreement was entered into to row the same distances as before, and for the amount above-named, and they agreed to carry out this agreement Oct. 5, 1870; but after they had rowed over one-fourth of the distance the boats collided and both parties fouled. The referee, however, would not allow the claim, nor would he order the men to row over, as he ought to have done, but declared the race off, the stakes were accordingly drawn. Ten Eyck afterwards issued a challenge to his quondam antagonist, but "Murph" didn't fancy the job sufficiently to accept. On the 5th of July, 1871, he participated in a single-scull regatta at Newburg, coming in second, the winner being Ellis Ward, and the distance four miles. On the 21st of the same month he appeared in a single-scull race at Ingleside, Mass., the distance being four miles, and the victor his former conqueror, Ellis Ward; T. C. Butler second, Pandeen Harrington third; distance, two miles; time of winner, 14:42. His next appearance was at the Empire City Regatta, Harlem River, New York, Sept. 25, same year, when he came in second by four seconds to John Biglin, in a four-mile race in 17-foot working boats, three turns, the winner's time being 31:59. He then showed up at the Boston, Mass., Fourth of July regatta, in 1872, when he won the first prize for single sculls, beating T. C. Butler, T. F. Doyle, Jr., John Biglin, P. Harrington and others; time for the two miles, 15:16½. Oct. 23, same year, he carried off the first prize in a regatta held at Peekskill, rowing three miles, with a turn, in 24:25, and vanquishing Gil Ward of Cornwall and Jared T. Raymond of Sing Sing. On June 4, 1873, at Lake Maghagh, Verplanck's Point, he entered for the single-scull race, and took first prize; Gil Ward second; and in the scullers' race at the Boston regatta, July 4, same year, he came home second to Eph Morris of Pittsburg, whose time for the two miles, with a turn, was 14:46¾, a second and a half better than the Peekskiller could do. After repeated challenges, emanating from both parties, a match was made between Jimmy and Billy Scharff of Pittsburg, (we looked upon (as he still is by many) as the first sculler in the States, the terms of the match being that they should pull three miles, with a turn, at Peekskill, for $500 a side, and the race was rowed on Sept. 30, unevenly were the men adjudged to be matched that odds of 100 to 30 were demanded by Ten Eyck's friends, and in several instances given by the enthusiastic admirers of Scharff. The water shortly after the start was made become quite rough, especially at the upper end of the course, and this was the direct cause of a result totally unlooked-for. He was very badly regarded for some time, and after they were a mile on the journey the waves kept constantly washing over Scharff's boat, which shipped enough water to materially increase the labor of propelling the shell. He, however, effected it without seeming difficulty, his lead of two lengths, until within about a quarter of a mile of the finish, when he was somewhat swamped, and Ten Eyck, coming up, with hand-over-hand, passed his disabled opponent and won an unexpected victory. Immediately afterwards Billy's friends offered to make a fresh match for a larger stake, but the winner's friends were silent, thus tacitly acknowledging that Ten Eyck's triumph was solely due to accident. Jimmy's next appearance was in a working-boat race with Odell Dyckman, over the same course, for $100 a side, Aug. 1 last, Ten Eyck winning by a length in 28:50. The race was rowed in a rainstorm, and at the close Dyckman claimed foul, which was not allowed by the referee. It was a close, severe struggle, and overtures made by the loser's backers for another trial were not listened to by the victorious party of the past. He subsequently took part in the Oakland Beach regatta, the result of his efforts there being detailed in the foregoing sketch of John Biglin. Ten Eyck is a very youthful in appearance, and though his height is precisely the same as that of his late antagonist, he is a much smaller man, weighing on the 9th about 139 pounds, which is a pound heavier than when he pulled against Scharff. A person looking at him, without knowing the man, would never imagine him to be the accomplished oarsman he has proved himself.

HOW THE MATCH WAS MADE.

Having heard that George B. Englehart had given utterance to a desire to measure sculls with him, Ten Eyck on Aug. 14 issued through our columns a challenge in which he invited Engelhart to meet him in a three-miler, either on Saratoga Lake or at Troy, N. Y., sometime in September, the stakes to be five hundred dollars aside. This didn't seem to meet with the approval of the challenged party, and after waiting patiently but unavailingly for three weeks for a favorable reply, Ten Eyck on Sept. 7 threw open his challenge to any man in New York State, proposing to row a half-way between home-and-home, three miles, for the sum above-mentioned. This answer at bold defi exactly suited John Biglin, who lost no time in sending in his acceptance and at a meeting held at THE CLIPPER office the following agreement was signed:

ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT entered into this 19th day of September, 1874, between John A. Biglin of New York City and James Ten Eyck of Peekskill, who hereby agree to row a scullers' race, in best and best boats, in accordance with the following conditions, by which they mutually agree to be bound:

Article 1. Said race shall be for $500 a side, and shall be rowed at Nyack, N. Y.

2. Said race to be rowed on the 7th day of October, 1874. The hour

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

Letters received for week ending 5 P.M., MONDAY, OCT. 12.

LADIES' LIST.

Burk, Mrs. G. M.
Bloss, Mrs. L. B.
Burton, Mrs. Clarence
Bunard, Mrs. Anna (2) 16c.
Breyer, Mary (2)
Brewsort, Kate
Bruer, Ceala
Badar, Zelina
Burton, Kate
Carleton, Nellie
Clifton, Marion
Cole, Mrs L. (Circassian)
Cooke, Mrs. Woodie
Cushman, Charlotte
Carton, Josie
Cortland, Lena L.
Collins, Mrs. Kate
Castell, Mrs. Fannie
Crayton, Gussie
Coe, Jennie
De Wells, Kittie
Doon, Ella
Day, Emma (vocalist)
Dobson, Annie
Drayton, Alice
Du Bois, Nina
Elbert, Daisey (2)
Edgarton, Lillian8.
Ellis, Hattie
Enochs, Lotta
Fritz, Kittie Sharp
Foy, Bertha
Florence, Gertie
Fontainbleau, Mlle.
Fairman, Maude
Fitzpatrick, Mrs. J. H.
Fox, Annie
Freeman, Lizzie(2)
Findlater, Mrs. Jas. 6c.
Gaugain, Marie
Gordon, Mrs. Ida M.
Granger, Josie
Guilek, Mrs. H.
Gonzales, Mrs. Frankie
Greyson, Jennie G.
Holmes, Mrs. E. B.
Hindle, Annie
Herbert, Carrie
Harland, Ada
Ifferd, Lizzie (of Ifferd Sisters)
Jordan, Alwin
Katzmann, Pauline (2)
Kelsey, Lola
Kent, Fannie 6c.
Kimball, Jennie
Lake, Emma
Lynne, Augusta
La Main, Maude
Leonard, Nellie
Lake, Mad. Agnes
Little Nell (2)
Linden, Lillie
Livingstone, Annie 3c.
May, Georgie
McGill, Sadie
Morgan, Etta (2)
Murray, Mrs. J.
Orton, Mrs. M. A.
Oates, Mrs. J. A.
Quigley, Jennie
Richmond, Lou
Rainford, Alice
Richmond, Ada
Stickney, Virginia
Surdam, Addie
St. Felix, Leanore
Somers, Alice
Taylor, Mollie
Troy, Nina
Victoria, Millie (2)
Vincent, Mlle. (trapeze "biz")
Wade, Jennie
Wallace, Ada (2)
Warfield, Mrs. Ed. Adams
Wood, Annie 8c.
Zittella—(gymnast)

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Andres, E. A.
Ahrendt, Carl
Allen, Ben F.
Archer, Geo. A.
Angell, Frank E.
Austin, Charlie (comic).
Ale, Mr.
Atkinson, Gus (agent)
Alden, Genl. D. A.
Armstrong, Chas. T.
Baldwin, Edward (gymnast)
Bernabo, Adolfo
Butler & Hughes
Baylis, Alfred W.
Brown, Harry
Barr, O. H. (2)
Bell, Frank
Blaisdell, Wm. B.
Bron, O. D. "Bo"
Bellette, Geo.
Bray, Johnny
Batchelor, Jno. F.
Bennett, Frank
Baylis, Jr., Sam (marionette)
Butler, R. (of "Seven Dwarfs" Co.)
Bush, Irvin T. (3)
Bennett, Wallace(2)
Blodgett, Wash.
Bosworth, Frank
"Business Manager"
Butler, Robert (clown)
Blitz, Francois R.
Bronte, Chas. E.
Barton, Tommy
Blitz, Jerome (magician)
Brown, Ed. (of Nat. Dram Co.)
Barclay, Fred (circus "biz") (2)
Butler, Henry
Byrnes, Richd. M.
Brown, Harry
Bruno, Sig.
Bndworth, H (sawing-and-dance)
Bagley, Geo.
Barresi, Lawrence (2) 6c.
Childs, Joe
Cassidy, Fritz
Collins, Chas.
Cannon, Pete (vocalist)
Cohan, Jerry
Converse, Frank
Chace, Billy
Cammack, Jno. H.
Conklin, Jno.
Courtney & Co., Geo. A. (9)
Carroll, J. W.
Crispini, U.
Coup, W. C.
Colemon, D. W.
Crane, Wesley S.
Cavanagh, Wm. B. (2)
Carter, J. Heneage (2)
Collins, Wm. (with Morelli)
Cagnin, Jas.
Carsino, Alice & A. J.
Clark, Jas. W.
Dunbar, Mr.
Dickinson, Chas. (of Leach)
Dobson, Chas. E. (2)
Day, Frank
Davies, Sam (banjoist)
Drew, Harry (with Leich. & Henz.)
De Haven, Claude (3) 10c.
Dupres, Chas. H.
Donavin, J. W.
Daley, J. Y.
Davidson, W. H.
Davis, Scott
Dawson, E. L.
Deverell, Thos. R.
Dumont, Frank
Drum, Charlie (circus "biz") 10c.
Dobson, Frank B.
Dunbar, E. C.
Davis, Alex. (ventriloq.)
Drew, Jr., Frank
Drew, Mrs. (of Mrs. E. Sc.
Devere, Wm.
Dixon, T. (minstrel "biz")
Denier, Jno.
Evans, Kr. (sideshow) Jno. (2)
Everham, J. B.
Edwards, G. G.
Edwards, Chas. G.
Edwards, C. (min strel "biz")
Emrik, Richd.
Elder, Geo. W.
Eckert, Prof. Jno.
Easton, Benj.
Emmet, Jos. K.
Eilsler & Gotthold
Ellis, Chas. H. (circus "biz")
Eytinge, Harry
French, Jr., S.
Frost, Prof. (magician)
French Harry (with Buckley)
Forepaugh, Adam
Forsburg, Harold
Foster, Jos.
Furbish, Chas.
Fowler, Thos. B.
Ferris, W. H.
Fredericks, W. (with Murray)
Fish, Spencer
Fitzsimmons, Jas. (manager)
Foster, Harry (pianist)
Francis, Prof. (2)
Garth, F. C.
Gyptum, Sig. J. (3)
Graham, Jas. A.
Gortelmeyer, Hy.
Godfrey, Gerald
George, Ben (with La Rue)
Gosche, Jacob
Gobay, Jos. (2)
Graham, Jas. (with Dailey)
Gilbert, M. B.
Gaskie, Fred (of Eastern Cir.)
Grady, Geo.
Grace, Jas.
Gorman, Jas. (of Seven Dwarfs Co.)
Gleason, C. (stage-manager)
Gaylord, Low
Garwood, C. H.
Gallizer, Jas. (with J. E. Owens)
Gilmore, Wm. J.
Gardner, Jas. M.
Garland, G. S.
Gale, Walter
Hammond, Jno.
Holley, Jno. (song-and-dance)
Hooper, Geo. W.
Hamilton, Wiley
Hurdic, Harry
Hyland, Jno. (with Denier)
Howes, F. J.
Howe, Frank (2)
Hasson, Billy (of Weaver & Hasson)
Higgins, W. H.
Holden, Frank (2)
Hess, Chas. F.
Hampton Color. Students
Hughes, C. C.
Howard, Frank ("Shiloh")
Humphries, W. S.
Hodges, E. B.
Hanley, Martin
Hawley & Mack
Hansley, Prof. (magician)
Hayes, Benj.
Harcourt, Geo. M.
Hall, Ed.
Hooper, Jerry
"Jaffo" (Dutch comique)
Jefferson, J.
Jones, Chas. F.
Jefferson, Jos.
Kendall, Archie
Kirk, Bobby
Kent, Frank (minstrel "biz")
Kieley, Wm.
Knight, Jas. M. (2)
Knight, Geo. S. (2)
Kerr, Hy. E.
Kieder & Monett
Kynock, P.
Kline, Lew (gymnast)
Kimpler, F. L.
Kimball, S. W.
Kidder, E. E.
Keyes, David A.
Kent, Frank
Kirally, Imrie
Knowlton, J. K.
Lee, Gus (circus "biz")
Luke, J. F.
Leopar, Clifford
Lenoir, Messrs. (gymnasts)
Lent, Jr., L. B.
Lavake, W. K.
Lawton, "Happy" Jack
Little, Richd. G.
Locke, F. A.
Lee, Harry E.
Le Clair, J.
Little, Chas.
Leicester, Chas. (circus "biz")
Lyons, Harry (of Lyons & Dewar's Co.)
Logan, Shep. B. (2)
Leslie, David
Leonard, Walla & Nettie (2)
Leslie, Norman
Lovell, Chas.
Lee Gibb, Robt.
Magee, Jno. (2)
Marsden, Fred (musician)
Martinetti, Paul
McCann, J. Ray
McIlvaine, Dick
Milner, J. K.
McCloskey, J. J.
Morgenstein, Wm. (2)
Morosco Family
Morris, Ed. (circus "biz")
Morris, Dan
Marshall, Wyze
Marr, Wm. (of Hurley & Marr)
Morse, J. T.
McGill, Wm. (Mirror of Ire)
Mallton, Chas.
Miles, R. E. J.
Mallin, A. W.
Mlaco, Tom
Mead, Charlie (vocalist)
McEvoy, Fred
Merchant, J. I.
Moore, Little Eddie
Morrisey, Jno (minstrel)
Mansur, L. H.
Nelson, Prof. R.
Nugent, Jas. E.
Nash, Dan (with McEvoy)
Neal, Mr.
O'Brien, Fred (circus "biz")
O'Brien, Michael (clog "biz")
Oppenheimer, G.
Owens, Jno. E. 6c.
O'Reardon, Matador
Phillips, Harry
Phillips, T. A. ("Ooty Ooty")
Pomeroy, C. R.
Pierce, Wm.
Piaff, Hy. (minstrel "biz")
Pfaff, Daniel
Patterson, Wm. (of Gt. Eastern Cir.)
Palmer, C. C.
Pease, Harry
Purcell, Barney
Perry, Gala, C.
Pritchard, Spencer
Rubini, P.
Robinson, Al
Manager Jno.
Robinson, C. M.
Rieck, Rudolph (2)
Rinaldo, Edward
Ryan, Sam E.
Rayno, W. G.
Rubins, R.
Rosario, Geo.
Rogers, Lorraine
Record, Mons. (2)
Rollick, Guy
Royal Marionetts, Mme.
Russell, Dr. A.
Rosario, Louis
Roberts, N. D.
Robinson, Jas.
Smith, Doc W. H. (with Heywood)
Shaw, Frank
Smith, W. A. T.
Smith, D. H.
Shannon, J. W.
Stanley, Ernest (3)
Sands, E. (with Exhl.)
Sprague, Hy.
Smith, Billy
Stein, Arthur
Sutton, M. L.
Smith, Chas. (candy "biz")
Stokes, Chas. W. (2)
Stanley, Fred Sinnotte
Sayles, Jno. W.
Sharpley, Sam (2)
Sheplar, C. B.
Sanford, Mr. (of Court, ASanford)
Spaeth, J. G.
Stoner, Philip
Sexton, Prof. M. C.
Sanford, Jno. P. (of Howe & Dir.)
Sells, Wm. (of N. Y. & N. O. Cir.)
Springer Family
Smith, Billy (of Smith & Waldron)
Sash, Prof.
Stoepel, Harry (2)
Thomas, Erwin
Thompson, Chas. J.
Toomey, W. F. (2)
Taylor, Jas.
Tyndale, Harry M.
Tom Thumb, Genl.
Unsworth, Billy (6)
Vincent, Chas. A.
Vernet, Vivian
Wulff, Justus S.
Ward, Jas. M.
Williams, Gus
Williams, Jno.
Wright, Jno.
Window, R. R.
Wills & Johnson
Wyman, Jno.
Ward, W. H.
Wylie, Billy
Walhalla Bros. (2)
Walton, Chas.
Whates, Jack (of Lent's Cir.)
Wilson, Chas. A.
Western, J. W.
Whitney, Jno.
Wilcox, W. W.
Washburn, Leon
Watts, Wm. R.
Whaley, H. (musician)
Waldron, D. G.
Wood, Harry & Fannie
Wambold, Jas. F
Wilson, David W.
Wagner, A.
Whitney, Charlie
Wells, W.
Wilson, Lew (of Wilson Bros.)
White & Emerson
Washburn, E. S.
Williams, Jno. H. (circus "biz")
Young, Mr. & Mrs. Chas.
Yaeger, Chas.
Zeiler, Aaron
Zegrini & Moulton
Ziegler, Chas.

INTRODUCTORY OVERTURE.

MONDAY, Oct. 12, '74.

Throughout the country, State, County, City and other Fairs are going on with more or less success. O late years it has been deemed advisable to couple some other attraction with the regular exhibition, in order to enlist the attention of the masses and draw them to the grounds. This outside attraction, in the majority of cases, takes the form of a trotting match, in which some of the most noted flyers participate, the prizes offered being very large, and of a very enticing character. Where other things fail to fill the grounds and create an enthusiasm, the "trial of speed" answers the purpose, and more than repays the managers for their outlay. There is something about these exhibitions of speed that awakens all the fire and ardor and life of the oldest inhabitant; something that carries the old-timers back to their boyhood days, and revives the memory of the youthful sentiments of another generation. We have seen old stagers get so excited over a burst of speed that they would cry aloud, with all the spirit and animation of younger roosters, that they would lay an even fifty on the bay, and shout aloud their gratification when 2:20 was announced as the time made. But a never-failing source of amusement to visitors at the Fairs are the sideshows or tent-exhibitions, which may be found in close proximity to every well-regulated agricultural display. And, perhaps, there is no greater curiosity connected with the sideshow than the gentleman who is known, and recognized professionally, as "the blower." Much depends on the volubility and cleverness of the man who takes the part, as he requires to be a skillful blower and expounder. He must be quick-witted and on time with repartee and jovial rejoinder to the crude remarks of the crowd, and the comical fun poked at him by the impecunious bystanders who haunt every such exhibition in the hope that something may turn up to give them free entrance to the juvenile tent. He must be posted on all the popular topics of the day; and he must give utterance to the most flagrant violations of truth, else he will be voted a slouch. "Walk right in, ladies and gentlemen; greatest curiosity the world ever produced—the famous Fejee fished Mermaid, and the wild boy that was born without a shirt; the mermaid was discovered on a rock in the South Pacific Ocean, by the crew of a wrecked New Zealand schooner, who had been adrift on the ocean seven days, without food, drink or clean clothes. When they first saw this wonderful mermaid she was sitting on a rock, and in one hand she held a looking-glass, in another a tortoise-shell comb, and in the other—for you must know that this mermaid had *three* hands, one of which was lost in her efforts to escape the clutches of the starving crew of the lost schooner—was a home-made pie, country style, which shows the onward march of civilization. Walk right in—only ten cents, and children half price. The wild boy was caught in a net [Ten cents, mum—he won't hurt the children], and you can see the physician's certificate that the boy *was* born without a shirt, as I have mentioned. [No, sir; we have not the shirt—it has been sent to the wash.] That boy has now been with this show seven years, and he is just as untamable as he was [Jim, change this quarter—ten cents, mum] the day we caught him. [*Man*—Yer sed yisterday that yer catched him with a hook and line. How's that?" So we did; we first caught him with a hook and line, and then secured him in the net.] Here you are—make no mistake—ten cents will show you everything. [You boy, don't climb under that canvas.]" And so he rattles on, never stopping so long as there is a ten-cent stamp in the crowd. All sorts of curiosities are made to do duty in the sideshows. A professional living skeleton are scarce, the showman secures a strained back jockey, and cabs him down to the proper consistency and dimensions. At least, so we were once informed by an expert blower, whose word is as good as his bond. When we ventured to doubt the correctness of this marvelous statement, the blower became very angry, and told us several days to complain that no disrespect was intended. This truth-seller likewise imparted to us the startling truth that, by a process known only to a few, fat women are made fat by being blown up in the morning, one blow lasting all day. In the evening they are let out; and they resume their original proportions. This veracious blower told us many strange things, of which we were previously ignorant. He says that once upon a time he "exhibited a real live girl with four legs; it took like fire-and-tow; but one hot day the other two legs dropped off, being made of wax. That spoiled the show for that section of country, and they re-repaired the girl a time, and got a new pair of legs for her, and the country papers were profuse in their notices of this wonderful freak of nature!" Double-headed men ters are first-class attractions, but too often the monsters get quarreling among themselves, and they break the bond that makes them one—which it was gutta percha. All these things we are telling you are truths, vouched for by this well-informed and reliable blower, in whom there is no guile. He alleges that once, while he was out hunting seals, a storm came up, the vessel was wrecked, and he was cast adrift; a seal coming along, he got astride of it, put harness on it, and drove it ashore without sweating a hair. That identical seal was afterwards exhibited in all parts of the world, with the harness and driver, and took first premium at the World's Fair in London. That *was* premium at the World's Fair in London. That *was* strange, and we so expressed ourself to this well-informed showman, who said that he had seen more than Horatio ever "dreamed of in his philosophy," which showed the showman to be a Shakespercan student, as well as discoverer of wonderful curiosities. "Did I ever tell you about a double-headed cow? once had? No? It's a fact! Two heads headed cow! once had! No? It's a fact! Two heads and no tail. We exhibited that curious cow for two years and three days! One head was set on right, but the other was where the tail ought to be, which informed showman, who said that he had seen more than Horatio ever "dreamed of in his philosophy," which showed the showman to be a Shakespercan student, as well as discoverer of wonderful curiosities. "Did I ever tell you about a double-headed cow? once had? No? It's a fact! Two heads and no tail. We exhibited that curious cow for two years and three days! One head was set on right, but the other was where the tail ought to be, which there was no tail to it, and this made it bad for the cow in fly-time. I afterwards cut that cow right in half, built wax-work afterparts, and sold it as two cows! And these identical cows are now on a milk dairy in Orange County! Did you ever hear of anything like that?" Never! On our intimating that it seemed too strange for belief had any other person told us of it, our informant signified his readiness to make affidavit to the truth of all he had asserted. Then we no longer doubted. He told us many other remarkable stories which we have not time to recite here. Sideshowmen sometimes hit a streak, and they make money "hand over fist," to speak nautically. They buy a learned seal, borrow a tank, hire a sword-swallower, purchase a few showbills representing the capture of the seal, and then flop down alongside of some State Fair. If the blower is true to his employer or to himself, sometimes a show will turn in as much as fifty dollars a day, without counting what has been knocked in. That is enough to make a man's mouth water. On Friday last the Associated Press reports stated that "George Washington, colored, at Towsontown, Md., made an ascension in a hot-air balloon attached to a circus." The balloon, it appears, became impaled on a flagstaff, but we are left in doubt as to the fate of the circus.....There is a thick-headed person in Williamsport, Pa., who allows people to crack walnuts on his head for stamps. There are more jokes than walnuts cracked.....There isn't very much new under the sun. You remember the touching ballad of "William Riley," don't you?

"Come, rise up, William Riley,
And go along with me."

Well, we have always had the greatest respect for that cheerful and soul-inspiriting ballad, owing to its originality and purity of thought and sentiment. When ballads have been the subject of discussion, we have always held that "William Riley" as a bright example of our song-literature. We have pointed to it with pride, and have shown, by a careful analysis of the lines, the many sparkling gems hidden beneath a rough exterior. We would have testified to the originality of that exquisite ballad before any tribunal society or Young Men's Christian Union in the country. But 'twas ever thus. "We never had a sweet gazelle," etc. Gone are the hopes we cherished—shattered is the idol of our halcyon days. "William Riley" is a plagiarism. In overhauling some old scraps, the other day, we came across an ancient work, in which we found the following copy of a card entitled "Lazarus and Dives," published in 1642:

"As it fell out upon a day,
Rich Dives sickened and died—
There came wive serpents out of Hell,
His soul therein to guide:
Rise up, rise up, brother Dives,
And come along with me!
For you're a place provided in Hell,
To sit upon a serpent's knee."

Thus, it will be seen, the above was written and composed before "William Riley" was born.....A remarkable pedestrian performance was attempted in the Hippodrome last week. A party by the name of Weston, a stranger in these parts, announced that, feeling pretty well, and otherwise sportively inclined, he would essay the task of walking five hundred miles in six days. To guard against foul play, which is apt to overtake fast walkers, the party was attended by various physicians and rubbers, whose task was to keep the stranger on his feet. Unfortunately, the six days expired before Weston got to the end of his five hundred miles. But the party should not be discouraged—let him try it once more. As the brilliant poet remarks:

"If at first you don's succeed,
Try, try again."

It is gratifying to know that the alleged walker bears his failure with considerable sang-froid. It is just possible that the doctors and the rubbers are answerable for the pedestrian's non-success. If this can be made clearly manifest, then a mass meeting of citizens should be called to express their indignation at this gross outrage. More anon.....A touching incident we witnessed the other evening while attending a minstrel entertainment. A young and pretty Irish lass—and, judging by her fresh and ruddy complexion, not very long absent from her own green isle—entered the auditorium, and, before taking her seat, dropped on her knees, in the aisle, made the sign of the cross, slowly rose, and then went to the chair her coupon called for. We subsequenly learned that she is an exemplary member of the Catholic Church, and this was her first appearance at a public place of amusement, and the force of habit induced the observance of a custom peculiar to the Church.....The Deluge" has been reconstructed, and a fresh supply of real water turned on. "The Deluge" bids fair to last forty days and forty nights, and the Kiralfys will not complain should its reign continue much longer.....Manager Daly, with his accustomed enterprise, is now showing us "The Hanging of the Crane." As this is about all the hanging in New York that the law allows, let us be thankful that this little is left to us. The execution of "The Crane" is said to be faultless, the entire company appearing as executioners.....The latest dramatic importation at Wallack's Theatre does not seem to have met with a very enthusiastic reception, and it is probable that this star will be "the last of the Montagues."..... At Niblo's they have secured "The Comete" to compete with the regular stars.....Among the singers announced to take part in the concert at Booth's Theatre last evening was Miss Louise Cary. Being a popular favorite, Louise carries heavy timbre.....A "Sacred concerts" at the theatres are again coming into favor. "Six Degrees of Crime" is the latest theme for these sacred entertainments.

CITY SUMMARY.

"A FLASH OF LIGHTNING," a drama which was originally produced at the Broadway Theatre, corner of Broadway and Broome street, was acted for the first time at Wood's Museum, at the evening entertainments of the past week, to a fair attendance. At the customary matinees, Wills and Thomas, new candidates for dramatic honors, performed in a drama entitled "Hans and Christina," which had been written expressly for them This week "Under the Gaslight" is to be revived for the evening performances, and at the matinees Jenny Morton is to act in "Idlewild."

THERE WERE NO amateurs to be seen at Bowery Robinson Hall since our last report. The customary minstrel first-part, a variety olio and the cancan have continued the features. On Tuesday afternoon Miss Ida Vincent walked upon a wire, which was stretched across the street from the roofs of the buildings on either side. The feat was safely accomplished in the presence of a large concourse of spectators.

THE MARTINETTIS—Paul, Alfred and Matilda—who, aided by some members of the regular company, gave the comic pantomime of "The Coopers" (and here in their element) Paul and Matilda gave a comic dance); Lillie Linden, a fair serio-comic; and Hamilton, who does a zouave drill with skill and precision; Mons. Hernandez, who gave a Punch-and-Judy exhibition, and later in the evening, aided by three little boys, did some graceful and difficult acrobatic feats; and the Hamilton Brothers, who evinced skill in a horizontal-bar act, constituted the features to the forces at the Metropolitan Theatre on Oct. 5. The bill was filled out with concertina duets by the Sharpley Brothers, songs-and-dances by the Arnold Brothers, and the sketches of "A Squire for a Day," "The Fly Elephant" and "Paris by Moonlight," in which latter the cancan was introduced. The attendance has fallen off somewhat. The Rogers Family, Annie Hindle and Edith Bland are to appear Oct. 12.

MISS NEILSON arrived from England in the steamship Russia on Oct. 6. Mr. Philip Lee, her husband, did not accompany her. The night before her arrival aport performance was rendered for the benefit of Liverpool Seamen's Orphan Institute and the Seamen's Orphan Institute, at Staten Island. Ex-Governor Hoffman presided, and made an appropriate address. A little more than $250, gold, was collected, which will be equally divided between the above-named institutes.

THE SEVERE RAINSTORM which prevailed on Thursday evening depleted the attendance at all of our places of public amusement.

THE NEW YORK CIRCUS, which was to have closed its season with the performances of Oct. 10, will be kept open this week, performances being given every afternoon and evening.

MRS. SCOTT-SIDDONS IS COMING TO AMERICA.—The report which originated in Boston, Mass., that Mrs. Scott-Siddons had telegraphed that she should not visit America this season is emphatically denied by the American Literary Bureau of this city. A cable dispatch, dated Oct. 7, was received from Paris from the lady in question, stating that she will arrive here in ample time to fulfill all of her engagements in November and the following months.

BRYANTS' MINSTRELS continue to do a good business, and the efforts of the management to please are evinced by frequent changes in the programme. The last variation included "Homeless To-night," sung by J. J. Kelly; "Silver Threads Among the Gold," by W. Raymond; and "Call Me Your Darling," by Charles Templeton. In the olio W. Henry Rice gave burlesque ballads; Dan Bryant and Neise Seymour were seen in the revived sketch of "Two Miserables;" Kelly and Templeton sang the duet of "Excelsior;" Hogan and Emerson gave a song-and-dance, "Pretty as a Picture;" and "Ding Dong Bell, Who's in the Well?" "The Con-e-sugars" and "Partners for Life" filled out the bill.

MANY CHANGES were made in the programme at the San Francisco Minstrels during the past week. Those comprised in the first-part were "Creep Close to My Heart, Little Darling," sung by Eugene Tremaine; "Poor Little Lost One," by D. S. Wambold; "Solid Dishes to the Front," by Billy Birch; and "Letters from Home," by Carl Rudolph. In the olio, "A Bad Night's Rest" introduced Billy Birch as Reuben Green; J. G. Withers gave a flute solo; and the sketch of "The Black Nightingale, or the Arrival of Albani," wound up the entertainments. The first matinee of the season was given on Oct. 10. The average attendance has been good.

LARGE AUDIENCES have been in attendance at the Union-square Theatre since our last report. "The Sphinx" will continue the attraction until the conclusion of Miss Clara Morris' engagement, and it will probably be succeeded by "The Two Orphans."

G. W. MOORE and family, Mr. Cook and the Vokes Family sail for Europe on Wednesday, Oct. 14.

A CHANGE IN THE CAST of "The Gilded Age," at the Park Theatre, occurred on Wednesday evening last, when Dorsay Ogden assumed the character of Col. George Selby, in the place of Milnes Levick, who had been summoned to Baltimore, Md., where he is engaged for the season. Mr. Ogden gave a quiet and satisfactory impersonation of the character. The auditorium continues to be well-filled nightly, and John T. Raymond's success as Col. Sellers is pronounced. The Ilma Di Murska Troupe gave a concert at this house Oct. 11.

J. H. BARNES, an actor from the Edinburgh, Scottland, theatres, who arrived in the steamship Russia on Oct. 7, is to travel with Miss Neilson during her forthcoming tour, and act the opposite leading characters.

AT NIBLO'S GARDEN during the past week a fair attendance witnessed "The Deluge." On Oct. 12 it will be presented in an entirely reconstructed form. John F. Poole has revised the dialogue, curtailing it materially, and writing in some comic scenes. Several new ballets and specialty performances are to be introduced, and the spectacle will probably take a fresh hold upon public favor

MR. AND MRS. R. A. BRENNAN, Charles Sullivan and Maggie Seymour, and Mons. and Mlle. D'Omer were the fresh appearances at the Theatre Comique on Oct. 5. Mr. and Mrs. Brennan gave in a commendable manner some burlesque operatic duets, and, in response to an encore, sang a medley duet, the words of which were composed of the titles of familiar songs and ballads. They have good voices, and their interpolated remarks created no little merriment. Liberal applause attested their success. Charles Sullivan and Maggie Seymour, who made their metropolitan debut, performed an abbreviated version of an old Irish farce, in which they appeared to advantage. Mr. Sullivan has a good dialect, and sings well. Mons. D'Omer, aided by Mlle. D'Omer, performed a number of feats, evincing his skill and dexterity with the sword. A description of some of his most difficult performances may prove interesting: A large apple, which had been thrown forcibly upon the stage to prove its soundness, was placed on a white pocket-handkerchief, the four ends of which were tied to a string hanging from the end of a stick held by Mlle. D'Omer. The swordsman then dealt a rapid stroke upon the handkerchief with a sharp-edged sword, and then took from the handkerchief a slice of the apple, a second stroke severed the apple in two, and yet the handkerchief was not cut. Again, he attached an apple by the stem to a twine, suspended as above described, and by a blow from right to left severed the twine, and by a rapid blow from left to right severed the apple in halves ere it touched the stage. He then took a lemon and placed it upon the bare flesh at the nape of Mlle. D'Omer's neck, and by a quick stroke of a very sharp sword he cut it cleanly in halves without leaving a mark upon the lady's neck. Then, to prove that the sword that he had used in that trick had an edge as sharp as a razor, he folded a pocket handkerchief in twelve thicknesses and laid it upon the edge of the sword, by one rapid movement of the sword in the air the handkerchief fell upon the stage cut completely through. Then, using a bow gun, he shot an arrow through an apple placed upon Mlle. D'Omer's head, he standing on the opposite side of the stage, and both parties being in full view of the audience. Their performances concluded with an exhibition of the manly art of self-defense, boxing-gloves being used. Mlle. D'Omer proved to be a skillful boxer, and got in some very telling blows upon the head and face of her opponent, while she parried with grace and agility those aimed at herself. Both were loudly applauded during their various rounds, and recalled at the close of their feats. This portion of their entertainment has no objectionable features, and enables ladies to gain an insight into the manner in which professional "mills" are conducted, without having their sensibilities shocked. Harrigan and Hart's sketch of "A Terrible Example" was revived, and Mr. Harrigan sang therein a new song, entitled "When the Soup House Comes to Our Town." Annie Bennett and Emma Day sang songs; Kitty O'Neil danced her customary jig; Venus and Adonis repeated their vele-cipede riding; and "The Power of Music," introducing John Wild, Frank Kerns, Charles White and Wm. Carter, and "Who Stole the Monkey?" filled out the bill, which attracted a good attendance. Frank L. Hart has commenced the publication of a neat programme journal, which is to circulate in this theatre only. For this week Jennie Engel, Diamond and Ryan, John Queen, William West and M. F. Bartlett are to be added to the company, and John Wild and William Carter are to perform a sketch entitled "The Skeptical Padrone" is to be revived, and Harrigan and Hart are to give a new sketch called "The Day We Went West."

AT THE OLYMPIC THEATRE the only fresh attraction of the past week was a ballet corps, consisting of Mlle. Louise Bilion and Mons. Edouard, principals, and a number of corpsfeet, who were announced to appear in a grand spectacular ballet, arranged expressly for this theatre by Mons. Von Hamme, and entitled "The Feathery Kingdom," during which the Chahut cancan was to be danced. It was probably the latter announcement that caused the auditorium to be literally filled to overflowing. The ballet, which terminated the performances, failed to give satisfaction, as the spectacular effects were wanting, and the illustrations of "The Feathery Kingdom" were confined entirely to Mons. Edouard, who was attired to represent a "gentleman" fowl. The corypheus were also attired in male dresses, cut rather short in front, and all of their faces were very familiar, having been frequently seen at various places in this city. The audience received the performances with apathy. The occupants of the orchestra seats seemed to fear that some breach of propriety was about to be committed, and a few ladies and their escorts rose and left. When the ballet proceeded this apparent fear became contagious, whole rows of seats were vacated, and long ere the termination of the ballet over two-thirds of the audience had left. When the Chahut cancan was reached, it proved to be a very mild sort of an affair, and no indecencies were committed. The other acts included the sketches of "The Rivals," "The Live Indian," "A Trip to Blarney Castle," "High Jack the Heeler" and "The Sixth-Ward Irish Team," which occupied a large portion of the evening, and none of them proved very attractive; serio-comic songs by Adah Richmond, performed in which she will take her farewell of the metropolitan stage. A concert by members of the Strakosch Italian Opera Company was given Sunday evening, Oct. 11.

THE VOKES FAMILY took their farewell of the American public at a matinee performance at the Fifth-avenue Theatre on Oct. 12, acting in "The Belles of the Kitchen," which was preceded by "My Uncle's Will," performed by members of Mr. Daly's company.

IT SHOULD NOT BE FORGOTTEN that Frederic Maccabe, the English mimic and ventriloquist, is to make his American debut at Steinway Hall, on Oct. 14, in his entertainment entitled "Begone, Dull Care."

THE B. P. O. OF ELKS take their annual benefit at Niblo's Garden on Thursday afternoon, Nov. 12. Col. T. Allston Brown is chairman of the Committee of Arrangements.

JOHN AND MAGGIE FIELDING sailed for Europe per steamship Queen Oct. 10

OPERA-BOUFFE flourished last week at the Lyceum, the occasion being the reproduction of Lecocq's popular opera of "La Fille de Madame Angot." The cast embraced the new faces in this opera of M. Kollets as Ange Pitou, Mlle. Minnelly as Mlle. Lange, Mr. De Beer as Pomponnet, and M. Genot as Trenitz. The new tenor did not make the favorable impression anticipated. He is not handsome, has a hard, unsympathetic voice, assumes a rather lackadaisical style, and he does not possess the spirit and *abandon* of the best burlesque actor. Nevertheless, he elicited applause in some of the scenes. M. Genot, too, is not up to the standard of his predecessor in the same part; but De Beer's Pomponnet was excellent, and Mlle. Minnelly appeared to great advantage in her role, except in regard to her costume, which was not suitable to the tastes of the best class of the patrons of the house. Mlle. Goudon made a decided hit in the dancing scene. Aimee was in charming voice, and both she and Mlle. Minnelly were vociferously encored. This week is the last of the opera-bouffe season. No change will be made until Friday, when, for Aimee's benefit, "La Perichole" will be sung, and she will introduce in the first and third acts several English and Spanish songs. Miss Neilson begins a two weeks' engagement on Oct. 19, acting for the first time in America, Beatrice in 'Much Ado About Nothing."

THE REMAINS of the late Mark Smith arrived from Paris in the steamship Holsatia on Oct. 7. They were received by a committee and removed to the Lotos Club in Irving Place, and subsequently to the residence of his brother, Mr. Sol Smith, in East Tenth street. The funeral took place on Sunday, Oct. 11, at half-past one o'clock, at the Church of the Transfiguration ("The Little Church Around the Corner"), in Twenty-ninth street, near Fifth avenue, which was thronged by the numerous friends and admirers of the late popular actor. While the congregation was assembling, a voluntary was performed upon the organ by George F. Colby, and a quartet, consisting of Mrs. Ficher, Mrs. Anderson, and Messrs. C. Fritch and J. R. Thompson, sang the hymns. The remains were inclosed in a plain rosewood coffin, bearing a plate upon which was inscribed the name of "Mark Smith." The coffin, which was covered with a profusion of floral offerings, was borne into the church by the following pallbearers: A. Oakey Hall, Lester Wallack, Whitelaw Reid, Max Strakosch, William Stuart, John Gilbert, Charles Fisher, William Winter, H. D. Palmer, H. C. Jarrett and Douglas Taylor. The Rev. Dr. Houghton read over the remains the impressive service of the Episcopal Church, and the responses were feelingly uttered by those in attendance. Large delegations from the Lotos, Arcadian and Manhattan Clubs were present, and among the professionals were the following: Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams, Mrs. Gilbert, Mrs. E. L. Davenport, Mme. Ponisi, Mlle. Aimee, the Misses Ada Dyas, Sara Jewett, Effie Germon, Annie Louise Cary, Violetta Colville, Emily Rigl, Lizzie Kelsey, Mlle. Di Murska, Mrs. F. B. Conway, Mrs. W. J. Florence, Miss Louise Henderson, Messrs. Augustin Daly, W. Davidge, J. H. Stoddart, Lewis Wallace, Vincent, John Moore, George Clarke, Theodore Moss, J. B. Polk, Charles Thorne, Sr., H. J. Montague, E. Eddy, Harry Beckett, M. Kiraly, George Browne, Charles Chizzola, George Wood, John T. Raymond, Thomas Baker, Max Maretzek, M. Connolly, Dan Bryant, Frederick Maccabe, William Birch, Charles Backus, W. B. Freligh, John Duff, E. Lamb, J. L. Toole, Tony Pastor, John Brougham, Charles Wheatleigh, J. Schonberg, G. F. Devere, George Ketchum, Welsh Edwards, Charles Rockwell, B. T. Ringgold, William Wheatley, J. G. Peakes, and many others. The concluding part of the services was very impressive. Byron in the leading characters was very successful. The new play 'Reparation,' which was produced on the 8th, did not prove a success. The play is highly sensational, with a mixture of improbable characters, and throughout is a kind of dime-novel story. Mrs. Kate Bateman will be the leading character in Miss O'Conner, in this play, in a very acceptable manner. Mr. Byron as Luke Bennett was quite effective, and J. T. Fannin, Rooney, H. S. Parker, Geo. Lascelles, E. G. Packard, Amelia Waugh, Marie Boniface, Emily Vincent and Emma Hendricks are worthy of special mention for the excellent manner in which they supported Mr. Byron during his stay. Marie Boniface as Katrina Strauss in 'Ben McCullough' made quite a hit. She is one of the best soubrette actresses we have had in Troy in some time, and is already a favorite. Little Nell is the attraction for next week, opening on the 12th.

AT THE OPERA-HOUSE, Rochester, N. Y., Jane Coombs played last week to good business, considering the rainy weather. On Oct. 6 "London Assurance" was produced, with Miss Coombs as Lady Gay. Miss Connie Thompson was a fair Grace, and Miss Lizzie Hall a good Pert. Mr. Clinton Hall as Dazzle, and Mr. Harry B. Hudson as Charles Courtly, were both good. Harry Ryner and J. M. Charles were also good in their respective characters of Sir Harcourt and Dolly Spanker. Chas. Bradshaw made up and acted well as Meddle. W. T. Horton was fair as Max Harkaway. W. P. Dulaney played Cool well, but should have paid a little more attention to his dressing. The bills for the rest of the week were: T

AMUSEMENTS IN BALTIMORE, MD., are thus reported under date of Oct. 9:—"On Oct. 5 Mrs. Oates and her company, in their third and last week at Ford's Grand Opera-house, presented the new opera of 'Mignonette, or the Schemer,' for the first time on any stage. The opera was composed by her musical director, Mr. Jesse Williams, and the libretto is by director, Mr. Jesse Williams, and the libretto is by Miss Blanche Reeves. The plot is founded upon an amusing incident in the life of Charles II, shortly before the Restoration.

Charles and his inseparable companion, Rochester, find themselves in the village of Bilton, a Puritan stronghold, under the command of one Abel Strongitharm, who, although a renegade from the king's army, is secretly at heart with Charles. At the same period arrive two other strangers at Bilton—Lady Cecilia Percy, who is disguised as searching for Charles to deliver important dispatches to him, and a cockney adventurer, Bombastes Brag by name, before the Restoration.

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N. B.—All letters addressed to H. R. HOGLE, Manager.

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J. H. ROSS & CO.,
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ORCHESTRA AND BRASS-BAND MUSIC,
REMOVED TO 383 BOWERY, NEW YORK.
Catalogues free. 28-4t

MISS KITTIE WHITLAND
SONG-AND-DANCE AND CHARACTER ARTISTE, was recently married at Norfolk, Va., to Mr. W. J. Powers, a well-known drygoods merchant. Miss Whitland has retired from the stage for the present. 29-1t*

FOR SALE.
TENT, 80x120 FEET,
WITH VERY HANDSOME
SET OF SEATS, LAMPS,
POLES,
STAKES,
AND EVERYTHING COMPLETE.
IN USE ONLY 30 DAYS.
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WANTED,
TO COMPLETE THE COMPANY ENGAGED TO SUPPORT
LITTLE ROSE,
AMERICA'S MUSICAL FAIRY QUEEN,
WALKING GENT, FIRST OLD WOMAN, AND A LIVE ADVANCE AGENT.
Must all be first-class. Season commences first of November. Traveling expenses paid by the management. Address IMMEDIATELY, stating amount of salary required, where last engaged, etc. W. W. SAUNDERS,
29-1t* Stage-manager "Little Rose Combination," Xenia, Ohio.

DEL REYNA DE LA AIRE,
MLLE. LEFEVRE
IN HER SENSATIONAL AERIAL ACT,
ASSISTED BY L. LAISCUELLE,
THE CELEBRATED ACROBAT AND GYMNAST.
East Saginaw, Mich., Sept. 21, two weeks; Grand Rapids, Oct. 5, National Theatre Comique, Cincinnati, O., Oct. 19, Dayton, Nov. 9, Trimble's, Pittsburg, Pa., Nov. 23, Montpelier's, Cleveland, O., Dec. 7, Ward's Opera-house, Portland, Me., Oct. 15, 1875, Fall River, Mass., Jan. 4, 1875, Metropolitan Theatre, Indianapolis, Ind., Feb. 14. First open date March 1. Managers of first-class variety halls address as per route. 29-1t*

BABY BENSON.
READ WHAT THE SYRACUSE STANDARD SAYS: Thursday, Oct. 8, 1874, Bloodgood's Comique Alliance.—Unqualified praise is due the various actors in Harry Bloodgood's Comique Alliance; they perform very finely. Baby Benson, one of the chief attractions, is a little girl not five years old, and is superior to the average of all song-and-dance women we ever saw. She had not been on the stage half a minute when she evoked a genuine round of applause, and she was encored and re-encored until she audience became half crazy with delight. She is a very beautiful child, and dances with a precision which would do credit to a much older person. Address JAMES FISH, 10 Carroll street, Buffalo, N. Y. 29-1t*

LOUVRE VARIETY THEATRE,
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
This little gem of a theatre has just been opened to the people. We opened with a company of ten people to good houses and splendid prospects, and we are now open to make engagements with people for all dates during the season. We have 35,000 inhabitants and a very flourishing city. Fare from or to Chicago by our rate, nine dollars and thirty-five cents. We pay half fare. We would like to hear from all artists coming West. What we agree to pay is sure. All who know us know that we do as we agree. CHAS. HARMAN,
29-1t* HUGH P. MULDON.

LOUVRE THEATRE
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.,
opened Wednesday, Sept. 23, to good houses and splendid prospects, with a combination company of ten people, comprising Budworth and Kaye, Young Ollie, George Wild and H. P. Muldon, Miss Grace De Bar, Miss Rose De Bar, Miss Nellie Greene, Mlle. Devere, and others. We are open to make engagements for the season. Would like to hear from Johnny Murphy, Johnny Cannon, Add Weaver, Miss Lingust, Dora Dawron, Jennie Oats, and all others that are filling engagements in the West or contemplate coming West. [29-1t*] H. C. MULDON, Agent.

BOB STICKNEY'S FEAT.
SOUTH BOSTON, HALIFAX CO., VA., Oct. 4, 1874.
FRANK QUEEN.—Sir: As you are interested in the show business generally, and in extraordinary events in particular, I have taken the liberty of inditing this note to you. We performed here yesterday to a very large crowd. During the show Bob Stickney executed a double somersault over twenty horses and alighted square upon his feet. As this may be considered a gag by some of the knowing ones in the business, I will state that I was done after G. M. Kelly had performed his long leap, and without the horses being moved. I am allowed to use the names of the following gentlemen, who are well known in this country, for reference: PRES. C. J. CARRINGTON,
R. B. JEFFRIES,
J. D. CLAY, County Clerk,
R. B. YANCY, P. M.,
JOHN PRICE,
ALEXANDER BRUCE.
Submitting the above to you for publication, if in your judgment you see fit, I remain yours respectfully,
29-13t ARCHIE CAMPBELL.

CENTRAL HOTEL,
ADJOINING HOLLIDAY-STREET THEATRE,
BALTIMORE, MD.
The above-named hotel, having just been completed and furnished in superb style, is now open for the reception of guests. Board by the day, $2 pr. Special rates to the theatrical profession.
CHAS. HAFFCKE,
24-13t* Proprietor.

"TRUTH IS MIGHTY AND MUST PREVAIL."
GRAND OPERA-HOUSE,
READING, PA.,
THE FAVORITE RESORT OF THE PEOPLE
RENT, $50 PER NIGHT,
INCLUDING CITY LICENSE, STAGE HANDS, USHERS, JANITOR, POLICE, AND THE USE OF A NO. 1 PIANO.
SEATING CAPACITY, 1,200.
THIS HOUSE WILL BE RENTED TO FIRST-CLASS COMPANIES ONLY.

FACTS CONCERNING THIS TEMPLE OF AMUSEMENT.

All the walls are perfectly solid and substantial, none of which are bent and in a dangerous condition. None of the seats break down when sat upon. This house will accommodate as many peeople as any in the city. It is the most beautiful and attractive building in Reading; the outside having been handsomely painted, the portico elegantly finished, and the whole exterior is highly illuminated at night by 10 fancy gas lanterns, made of different colors of glass. It has a parquet, parquet-circle, and gallery, the seats are tastefully decorated with scarlet plush covering, and the walls and ceiling elegantly frescoed. The aisles, etc., of the parquet are carpeted with magnificent new Brussels carpet. It is prominently and conspicuously situated on Penn (the main) street, and is centrally located, leading hotels (with special rates to the profession) within one half block of the house. Street cars pass by the doors. We never advertise more than we can substantiate. We always state facts.

THE ADVANTAGES OF THIS HOUSE.

From every seat a full view of the whole stage can be had. Every seat in the parquet and parquet-circle is separated one from the other by arms. The seats are more comfortable. It contains the largest, finest and best assortment of scenery; all being painted by the distinguished artist RUSSELL SMITH, of Philadelphia, Pa. It contains the most properties. Managers once booking at this place, always return to it. Companies coming here do not need to borrow furniture, etc., as everything necessary for a first-class place of amusement will be found only at this house. This is the only house that has a piano belonging to it. There are no bar-rooms, billiard-rooms, etc., in this building; therefore the patrons of this establishment, especially the lady portion thereof, need have no fear of being stared at and insulted by persons who continually lounge about such places. This house has two large, roomy entrances, one more than any other; neither of these two entrances is dark, narrow, inconvenient and dangerous. It has contained the largest audience ever assembled on the inside of any building in this city, the occasion of which was when Carncross & Dixey's Minstrels appeared, Sept. 5, 1874. It has the largest stage and best dressing-rooms (12 in number). We own all the prominent billboards, and control all the best situated dead-walls, fences, etc. Our rent is much the lowest, and no portion thereof need be paid in advance. Our terms are,